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The Young New Yorker.

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"'PEARS TO ME, MARSE JACK, YOU DONE GONE BEEN QUIET LONG 'NUFF DIS SPELL," EXCLAIMED MONDAY, JACK HARKAWAY'S COLORED SERVANT, AS HE ENTERED HIS MASTER'S ROOM.

TO OUR READERS:—When about eighteen years of age, Jack Harkaway became a member of the "Travelers' Club," and as his adventures, during his membership, in New York, San Francisco and Around the World, have never been written, the author has, at the repeated request of numerous friends and admirers, been induced to give them to the public.

JACK HARKAWAY IN NEW YORK;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF THE TRAVELERS' CLUB.

BY BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG, (Jack Harkaway,)

AUTHOR OF "CAPTAIN OF THE CLUB," "DICK DIMITY," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"A SPECIAL MEETING OF THE TRAVELERS' CLUB."

"'PEARS to me, Marse Jack, you done gone been quiet long 'nuff dis spell," exclaimed Monday, Jack Harkaway's colored servant, as he entered his master's room at the hotel.

It was a fine morning in the month of October.

Jack Harkaway at the age of eighteen, well supplied with money, had been leading an idle life in London for some time.

This did not suit Monday's ideas at all.

Looking up from the newspaper he was reading, Jack pushed back his curly hair from his ample forehead and smiled.

"What would you like to be doing, my sable friend?" he asked.

"Don't know 'zactly that I'd like to do anything in pertickler, Marse Jack, but dis chile hasn't killed nobody lately."

"You must learn to curb your savage instincts, Monday," said Harkaway. "But this I may tell you. It is possible that we shall be on the move sooner than you expect."

"Hooray! Golly, sah, dat's de good news, for suah. I'se been afraid I'se gwine ter rust out, 'stead ob wear out."

"What have you got in your hand?"

"Ki! What hab I got? A letter. I misremember dat I come in for somet'ing."

"Give it me."

Monday handed his master a letter and retired, without venturing on any further remark.

The epistle was directed in a delicate lady's hand and was highly perfumed.

Breaking the seal, Jack muttered: "From Lena Van Hoosen. Wants to see me at once. Something important to communicate. I'll go in half an hour. Lucky it was not this evening, as I have a special meeting of the Travelers' Club to attend."

Miss Lena Van Hoosen belonged to one of the first families of New York city, and at nineteen years of age was the prettiest and most accomplished girl in London, which is saying a great deal.

She had been making the tour of Europe with her mother and father, and was resting awhile, before returning to America. Jack had been considerably struck with her grace and beauty, paying her much attention, since his first introduction to her at a ball.

He had every reason to believe that she also thought very well of him.

Taking up his hat, he quitted the hotel, and hiring a cab, was driven to Miss Van Hoosen's residence in Belgravia.

She received him cordially.

"I sent for you, Mr. Harkaway, for a particular reason," she exclaimed.

"Indeed!" replied Jack. "Whatever the reason may be, I feel very much indebted to you for this mark of attention on your part."

"In the first place, we are going home next week."

"So soon?"

"Yes, papa has business to attend to and we have already been absent nearly twelve months."

"I regret that. I shall lose your agreeable society."

"The gap in the circle of your acquaintance, which our going away will create," said Miss Van Hoosen, "I have no doubt you will soon supply."

"Not so easily as you imagine," he answered.

"But that is not all I wanted to see you about," continued Miss Van Hoosen as her face assumed a graver expression. "You are well acquainted with Lord Maltravers."

"Yes, his lordship is a member of the same club as myself—the Travelers'. I have no reason to believe that he likes me; in fact, a coldness has always existed between us."

The young lady drew her chair closer to Jack.

"Now," she said, "what I am going to tell you, must be received in strict confidence."

"Certainly, if you wish it."

"Yesterday, Lord Maltravers called upon me and did me the honor to ask for my hand."

Jack's heart fluttered a little, for this was more than he had ever dared to do.

"What answer did you give him?" he inquired.

"The same that I have given to others before him."

"And that is—?"

"Simply, that I have promised my parents that I will neither engage myself to, or marry any one, until I am twenty-one. Thereupon, he most unjustifiably made use of your name."

"My name!"

"He said that he knew you were his rival, and that I had refused him on your account; he added that he would soon remove you from his path and then he would urge his suit again."

Jack Harkaway was astonished at this revelation.

"He may have remarked that I admired you, Miss Van Hoosen," he exclaimed. "But he was quite unwarranted in saying what he did. If he attempts to pick a quarrel with me, let him beware."

"That is precisely what I want you to avoid," she replied.

"No matter; the days of dueling are not yet over. In France a man can seek satisfaction for his wounded honor."

"Let me beg and pray of you, to keep away from Lord Maltravers."

"I can make no promise."

"Remember that people tell strange tales of him. He has resided much in Italy and I have heard that he keeps a Neapolitan assassin in his pay."

Jack laughed heartily at this.

"I am not a child to be scared by such stories

as that," he answered. "But if it will relieve your mind, I will undertake to be on my guard."

This was all Miss Van Hoosen could obtain from him, and she was very uneasy in her mind, when he rose to take his leave. He was much gratified with the result of his visit. For Lord Maltravers he did not care a snap of the fingers; but he was delighted to think that Lena Van Hoosen thought enough of him to send for and warn him of a danger which she fancied he was menaced with.

When he left the house, he walked slowly toward the club, where he knew he would meet some of his friends.

In the reading-room he encountered Dick Harvey, who had been his schoolmate and had accompanied him in most of his wanderings by sea and land.

In an arm-chair sat Professor Isaac Mole, his old tutor, who was fast asleep.

"How do, Jack?" exclaimed Harvey. "You see the professor is a little under the weather. Will you come to the committee-room? The meeting is convened for two o'clock and it is nearly that now."

"With pleasure," replied Jack.

Why the Travelers Club was called by that name, no one had ever been able to discover. Its members were men who knew nothing of other countries, except what they read in books.

The special meeting, on the present occasion, had been called by Mr. Oldfoguey, the President, to discuss the actual habitat of that noble beast, the buffalo.

When Jack and Harvey entered the committee-room, there were about a dozen members present.

Mr. Oldfoguey called the meeting to order.

He was an elderly gentleman with a large bald head; he wore spectacles and a bottle-green coat with brass buttons.

"Gentlemen," he exclaimed, "you are assembled here to-day, for the purpose of discussing the actual location of the buffalo. I am of opinion that this gigantic beast is to be found in certain parts of Central Park, in New York city, and I am told that it roams at will over the plains of Jersey. It will be a valuable contribution to science, if we can settle this vexed question, and I invite the views of members on the subject."

Captain Cannon, a stout, plethoric gentleman, of a soldierly bearing, who had seen service in the Rifle Brigade, and was noted among his friends for being able to tell more wildly improbable yarns than any one else, responded to the call.

"The buffalo is a great fact," he exclaimed. "When in Canada West with my regiment, I got lost in the Hudson's Bay territory, and subsisted for six months on buffalo-meat. As far as I know, the buffalo is only found east of the Missouri river, and is rapidly dying out. Buffaloes are, to my certain knowledge, sir, used in New York for drawing street cars. It is naturally a beast of burden and very tame. When in Montreal, I used to drive a buffalo to a sleigh; he went well and was docile. The buffalo's favorite food is peanuts; he will also thrive on pop-corn."

The gallant captain sat down, after delivering this remarkable contribution to natural history, and Mr. Zebadiah Twinkle rose to his feet.

"Sir," he exclaimed, looking fiercely at the President, "I rise to a point of order. There are only twelve members present, and according to by-law 27 it requires fifteen to make a quorum."

Mr. Twinkle was tall and angular, and he glared defiantly around him.

The character of Mr. Twinkle was a very remarkable one. He was a gentleman of independent means, who had retired rich from the grocery business. His ambition was to be considered a sporting character. He was a great boaster, but when put to the test, generally collapsed in a ludicrous manner. In fact he was in common parlance a fraud and a blower, but he caused great amusement to his friends.

The entrance at this moment of five additional members of the club, effectually disposed of Mr. Twinkle's point of order.

"Good!" he said. "Now that everything is regular, I will proceed with my remarks. As my worthy and gallant friend Captain Cannon has stated, it is a fact that buffaloes exist in the city of New York, for whenever the citizens of that vast commercial metropolis go sleigh-riding, they invariably take their buffaloes. The animal is by no means ferocious, and is frequently taught by the Indians of Manhattan Island to follow them about like a dog."

Mr. Twinkle was followed by Jack, who could not help smiling at the dense ignorance displayed by the previous speakers.

"Mr. President and gentlemen of the Travelers' Club," he exclaimed, "allow me to state that the buffalo is a wild animal, which is only to be found on the plains of the Far West, where it ranges in herds in a savage state. It may be found as far south-west as Texas, and as far north as Montana."

"Is my veracity called in question?" cried Captain Cannon.

"Am I an ignoramus?" asked Mr. Twinkle.

"Order, gentlemen!" said the President, rapping the table.

"Allow me to make a suggestion," exclaimed Harvey. "As there is such a diversity of opinion about the buffalo, and the members of the club seem to be very hazy about the land in which he lives, I propose that a committee of—say five—be appointed to go to America and make a report."

This proposition was received with favor.

"Make it a substantive motion," said the President, "and I will take the sense of the meeting on it."

This was done, and the motion being put to the vote, it was carried, *nem. con.*

"Gentlemen," exclaimed Mr. Oldfoguey, "the power of appointment belongs, I believe, to me."

"It does, by virtue of the office you hold," replied Mr. Twinkle.

"Then I appoint as members of this investigating committee, Mr. Harkaway, Professor Mole, Captain Cannon, and Mr. Twinkle, with Mr. Harvey as Secretary, each gentleman paying his own expenses. The committee will start within a month for New York and report to us once a week."

"On the subject of the buffalo?" asked Captain Cannon.

"Precisely."

No objection was made to this, and those named on the committee accepted the honor imposed upon them.

Jack was willing enough to go to America, because Miss Van Hoosen was also going to that country, and he thought sufficiently well of her to wish to enjoy her society.

When all was settled, the meeting adjourned, and Jack went to apprise Mr. Mole of his selection as one of the Buffalo Investigating Committee.

The professor was still sleeping calmly, but he had attracted the attention of Lord Maltravers.

This scion of the aristocracy was about twenty-five years of age, very rich and extremely haughty.

His father died when he was young. He was educated by a private tutor who let him have his way in everything. His mother doted on and spoilt him.

Young, rich, titled, handsome, what wonder was it, that he was arrogant and thought himself cast in a superior mold to his fellow-creatures, whom he despised and looked down upon. Maltravers hated Jack Harkaway, in the first place because Jack paid him no deference, and secondly because he fancied Lena Van Hoosen preferred the dashing Jack to himself.

Knowing that Professor Mole was a friend of Jack's he lost no opportunity of insulting him.

Seeing him asleep, he twisted a piece of paper into what boys call a 'jigger,' and lighting it at both ends, placed it on the old man's nose.

He was accompanied by a young man who was his toady; his name was Simpkins, and in consideration of many favors bestowed upon him by Lord Maltravers, Simpkins was his most devoted servant.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Simpkins, "what an excellent joke; that will wake the old boy up."

"He's no right to sleep in a club, by Jove," remarked his lordship.

"Certainly not; it is not the proper place."

Presently the flame began to burn the skin of the professor's nasal organ, and he awoke with a cry of affright.

His hands instinctively sought his nose and he pulled off the 'jigger.'

"Confound it," he exclaimed, "my face is burnt. Who has done this?"

The two young men began to laugh loudly and were evidently enjoying their practical joke.

"I did it," said Lord Maltravers. "Is there anything else you want to know?"

Mr. Mole regarded him with indignation.

"If I wasn't an old man, I would chastise you for your insolence," he cried.

"Don't fall back on your age," replied Maltravers. "I am here to take the consequences of anything I may have done."

A quick step caused him to turn round.

"Are you?" asked a voice.

It was Harkaway, who, standing in the doorway, had been a silent spectator of the scene.

Lord Maltravers folded his arms.

"I am ready to answer you, or any one else," he said.

The two men regarded one another sternly.

CHAPTER II.

"THE DUEL ON THE SANDS."

JACK HARKAWAY was afraid of no man living, and though averse to quarreling, he always supported his friends.

"You have committed a gross outrage on Mr. Mole!" he exclaimed; "and in his name, I demand an apology."

"Indeed!" sneered Maltravers.

"And what is more, I mean to have it."

"Is that so?"

"Apologize, my lord, or something may—nay, will assuredly happen which both of us will have cause to regret."

"You want, sir, what I do not feel inclined to give you," replied Maltravers. "I am not in the habit of apologizing to a gentleman, and should not think of doing so to *you*."

"That is as much as to say that I am not a gentleman," exclaimed Jack, the hot blood rushing in a crimson tide to his face.

"You are perfectly at liberty to place whatever construction you like on my words, sir."

Simpkins smiled approval in his usual insipid manner.

"Bravo!" he lisped. "Very fine, indeed."

"I ask you once more," said Jack, "if you will make the *amende honorable* to my friend?"

"And I distinctly refuse to do so."

"In that case I shall chastise you, as I would any yelping cur which annoyed me in the street. Mind yourself, my lord," Jack exclaimed.

He raised his fist and dealt Maltravers a blow which the other vainly endeavored to ward off.

His lordship fell heavily against the wall and the blood flowed from a cut in his face, which extended the whole length of the right cheek.

"Good heavens!" said Simpkins. "The man is a butcher. He has marked you for life, Maltravers."

The latter applied a silk handkerchief to his hurt, withdrawing it covered with the hot blood.

"Coward!" he exclaimed. "You struck me with a ring on your finger."

"Served you right," said Mr. Mole. "I wish he had given you more of it. This will teach you not to insult an old man, who never did you any harm."

"I am not talking to you, imbecile," hissed Maltravers.

He turned to his toady:

"Give me your arm, Simpkins," he added.

"With all the pleasure in life," was the reply.

"You shall hear from me, Mr. Harkaway," continued Maltravers.

"Whenever you please," answered Jack, carelessly.

"I presume you will not refuse me the satisfaction of a gentleman."

"You can rely upon me."

His lordship bowed stiffly, and, still holding the handkerchief to the cut, from which the blood trickled slowly, left the room.

"Am I much hurt, Simpkins?" he asked.

"Cut all to pieces."

"Shall I be disfigured?"

"You will always have a scar, I fear," replied Simpkins.

"Curse that fellow!" cried Maltravers, between his clenched teeth, "he shall pay a terrible reckoning for this."

"Why didn't you hit him back again?"

"He took me by surprise, and he hit with such force, that he knocked me out of time. My head swims now and I am so dizzy, I feel as if I should faint."

They passed out of the door, leaving Jack and the professor together.

The latter shook Harkaway by the hand very warmly.

"Many thanks, my dear fellow," he exclaimed. "You acted very properly in punishing that man. He has made a dead-set at me for some time past."

"On my account; I know it all," replied Jack. "This row was bound to come. I was warned of it only this morning."

"Do you think he means to fight?"

"I am sure of it."

"And you will meet him?"

"I do not see how I can avoid it. No matter; *vive la bagatelle*, as the French say. A life of adventure for me."

Jack related to Mr. Mole the proceedings of the club and the selection of a committee to proceed to New York. In a short time Harvey came in, and when told about the quarrel with Lord Maltravers, gladly consented to act as his second, if a challenge should be sent.

The law of England forbade dueling, but in France, hostile meetings frequently took place, and they did not doubt that the encounter would be arranged for that country.

As the challenged party, Jack had the choice of weapons and resolved to choose swords, as he was an expert swordsman.

He invited the professor and Harvey to dine with him at his hotel, intending to go to the theater afterward, but this intention was frustrated by the visit of Captain Cannon, who sent up his card saying he wanted to see him on urgent business.

Jack stepped into an inner room and at once accorded him an interview.

"Very sorry to trouble you about an unpleasant matter," said the captain. "But Lord Maltravers has asked me to act as his friend."

"I understand," replied Jack. "You have heard all about this unfortunate business."

"Surely, and if a blow had not been struck we could have arranged it. As it is, a meeting must take place."

"Where?"

"At Calais, by daybreak to-morrow morning."

"So soon?"

"Yes, it is useless to delay," replied the captain. "The express train leaves at half-past eight. Who is your second?"

"Mr. Harvey."

"Very well. I shall expect him at my hotel, the Imperial, after our arrival. We will arrange everything. It is all very simple. I fought a dozen duels before I was your age and always winged my man."

"Really!"

"Fact, I assure you. Keep your courage up."

"No fear of that," replied Jack. "I hope your principal will be as calm as I am."

"Oh! he won't show the white feather," answered Captain Cannon. "The Maltravers blood may be bad, but there isn't an ounce of cowardice in it. Good-by, we meet to-morrow."

Jack nodded, and seeing Captain Cannon out, excused himself to Mr. Mole and sent for Monday, to whom he confided the fact that he was going to France to fight a duel.

"You fight a jewell, Marse Jack?" said Monday; "what you want to do that for?"

"It is a point of honor. Don't you see? I struck this man and must give him satisfaction."

"You leave him to me and I put six inches of bowie-knife in him, for suah."

Monday's eyes gleamed like those of a cougar, and it was clear that he meant what he said.

"Don't ever talk to me like that again," exclaimed Jack. "I am no assassin."

By half-past eight, Jack and Harvey were comfortably seated in a carriage of the mail train on their way to France.

"If I fall," said Jack, "I want you to see Miss Van Hoosen and tell her that my last thoughts were of her."

"I'll do it," replied Harvey. "But I do not think anything will happen to you."

They arrived in due course and Jack retired to rest, while Harvey sought Captain Cannon to arrange the preliminaries.

He found the captain drinking wine with Lord Maltravers and talking loudly about the exploits of his youth.

"Ah! Harvey," he exclaimed, "here you are. Sit down and join us in the foaming goblet. That's a good phrase I flatter myself. A duel stirs my blood and carries me back a long way. I recollect when I was quartered in Dublin, a fiery young Hussar took exception to something I said and threw a glass of wine in my face—he did, by Jove, sir. That was a case of pistols for two and a coffin for one. I met him in Phœnix Park the next day and at the first fire, I shot him through the heart, and went to the expense of having his body embalmed to send home to his mother."

"Very considerate of you, I am sure," remarked Harvey.

"Oh! it's just like me. I'm all heart. By the way, what weapons does your principal select?"

"Swords."

"Humph! I'd rather it had been pistols, because the affair would have been over sooner; but no matter. I have an elegant pair of rapiers. We will meet you at six o'clock on the sands at low-water, one mile south of the town."

"That is sufficient," answered Harvey.

He refused to spend the night in a spree as the captain evidently intended to, and returned to his own hotel.

At five o'clock he had Jack up, and they sought the appointed spot, finding Lord Maltravers and his second already there.

In an instant the principals stripped to their shirts and grasped the weapons which were handed them.

The swords were of highly tempered steel, sharply pointed and as pliable as a willow wand.

The sun was just rising in the east, gilding the horizon with its burning rays. A few fishing-smacks lay in the offing. The tide was on the turn, and the wavelets plashed mournfully on the sand, as if singing a requiem.

"*En garde!*" cried Maltravers.

Jack placed himself in position. His right arm and knee advanced, and his left hand by his side.

The swords clashed as they crossed each other, and recovering, the duelists watched carefully for an opening.

Lord Maltravers lunged in *carte*, but his thrust was delicately foiled by his opponent, who parried it skillfully.

A long strip of plaster hid the cut on his lordship's face, which was ghastly white and terribly in earnest.

For some minutes they fenced with the adroitness of veteran swordsmen, neither gaining the slightest advantage, though a hectic spot which appeared on Maltravers's face, indicated that his mind was less at ease than Jack's.

Suddenly Jack ceased to act on the defensive and became the aggressor, breaking down his lordship's guard and pinking him slightly in the left arm.

"First blood!" said Harvey; "are you satisfied?"

"Confound it, no. This is a duel to the death," replied Maltravers, his face distorted with passion.

"As you please," replied Jack.

Again they faced one another, the wounded man having hastily tied a piece of his shirt sleeve round his arm.

The swords clashed in the bright morning sunshine, which every moment became brighter.

In vain Maltravers strove to injure his enemy. Each thrust was parried and he panted with exertion, while tears of impotent rage started to his eyes.

"Ha! I have you now," he exclaimed, as the point of his rapier touched Jack's breast.

"Not quite," replied Jack, who threw himself back, instantly recovered, and lunging in *tierce*, sent his weapon through the left shoulder of the nobleman.

Maltravers staggered; he leant upon his sword, which snapped in half, and he sunk upon his knees, his face convulsed with pain.

"That ends it," exclaimed the captain. "I confess myself satisfied."

"No! No!" cried his lordship, seizing the pointed end of his rapier and binding a kerchief round the broken part so as to hold it more securely.

"Surely, you will fight no more?"

"I will fight till I drop."

Harkaway broke his sword in half over his knee and grasped the narrow end, in the same manner as his adversary.

"I am willing," he replied.

"My dear fellow," remonstrated Harvey, "are you insane?"

"By no means," was the calm and confident reply. "I did not come here to play, and besides, I hate to leave my work half finished."

"Eh! the wretch," said Maltravers, bursting with rage, "he mocks me; but we shall see."

Jack sunk on his knees in front of Maltravers, and they were now so near, that their eyes returned flash for flash and their hot breath fanned each other's face.

Maltravers was bleeding profusely, his blood dropping on the thirsty sand, which greedily sucked up the ruby fluid, and the ghastly pallor of his face deepened.

In a few minutes he had succeeded in inflicting a few scratches upon his adversary and he grated his teeth with grim satisfaction.

This irritated Jack, who precipitated matters, by receiving the point of his lordship's weapon in his left arm and throwing himself upon him, piercing his breast and bearing him to the ground.

Now Maltravers could utter no protest, for he fainted and extended himself on the ground in the attitude of a corpse.

Jack hurriedly put on his coat.

He was bleeding, but in the excitement of the moment felt no inconvenience, and it was not till his wound stiffened that he knew he was hurt. They began to leave the spot.

"Look here," said the captain, "this is contrary to all precedent. I recollect when I fought the major of the Twenty-seventh, and left him for dead, we sent a coach after him and a doctor."

"All right," responded Harvey, "we will do that for you."

He departed hastily with Harkaway, and the captain dragged the insensible body of Maltravers to a spot further inland, where the rapidly advancing waves could not touch it.

For the next hour he busied himself in stanching the blood, which indeed was the only way of saving the defeated man's life. At the expiration of that time he perceived a carriage driving furiously along the sand.

When it reached the spot where the captain was standing a gentleman stepped out.

"I am the doctor," he said.

Captain Cannon nodded, and after a brief examination the medical man ordered Maltravers to be driven to the hotel.

For some hours he hovered between life and death.

The captain remained in constant attendance by the bedside, until a severe attack of fever supervened, when a professional nurse was hired.

On the third day the crisis came.

It was midnight when the doctor left the sick man's room and sought the captain.

"Has this gentleman any friends?" he inquired.

"Yes, in England," was the reply.

"It will be best to send for them without delay."

"Is the case so grave as that?"

"I cannot answer for the result," replied the doctor.

Captain Cannon at once telegraphed to Lady Maltravers, the mother of the sick man.

That night the patient was very feverish and restless; he recognized no one.

In the afternoon of the following day Lady Maltravers arrived at the hotel accompanied by Bambino, his lordship's Italian servant.

This fellow had a most villainous countenance and it was said that he had been condemned to the galleys for a term of years, in expiation of some terrible crime.

"My son! Where is my son?" demanded Lady Maltravers.

She was conducted to his room and from that time forth watched over him with all a mother's devotion.

CHAPTER III.

THE ASSASSIN AT WORK.

THANKS to his youth, aided by a strong and vigorous constitution, Lord Maltravers passed through the valley of the shadow of death without succumbing to the fell destroyer.

In a fortnight he was out of danger.

The doctor predicted that his recovery would be slow, and advised that he should remain where he was until his strength was fully established.

Lady Maltravers returned to London, rejoicing that her child was saved to her, for with all his faults she loved him with the strong intensity of a fond and over-indulgent mother.

Consequently his lordship remained at Calais in the charge of his faithful valet, Bambino.

One day, while sitting up for the first time, his pale and haggard face brought into prominence by the rays of the sun which streamed in through the open window, he received a letter from Simpkins, to whom he had written for news.

In this letter he was informed that Harkaway and four friends were about to depart for New York in a few days on board the steamer Erin, Miss Van Hoosen having preceded them by a week.

"Bambino," exclaimed his lordship.

"Signor," replied the valet, who glided softly to his side, with the noiseless motion of a black snake.

"Three years ago, when I was in Florence, a man named Bambino was being tried for the commission of a double murder. He had killed the woman he was about to marry and a man of whom he was jealous. The trial excited great interest; and finally, being found guilty, Bambino was condemned to the galleys for the term of his natural life."

The Italian raised his hand deprecatingly.

"That was in the past, master," he said.

"True; but it is necessary that I should recall it. I took an interest in you, visiting you in prison before your transportation to the coast to begin your life-long slavery. I wanted just such a man as yourself."

"You have ever found me grateful, signor."

"Don't interrupt me. You swore by your faith that if I procured your release, your life should be mine to dispose of, as I thought fit. By expending large sums in bribing your jailers, I contrived that you should escape, and since then you have lived a life of comparative ease and luxury."

"It is true," exclaimed Bambino.

"The time has how arrived when I want you to exercise your peculiar talents on my behalf."

"You have but to command, my lord," replied the Italian. "It is for me to obey."

"Good. You have seen Mr. Harkaway?"

"I know him well."

"Again, good," exclaimed Maltravers, whose dark eyes flashed vindictively. "Harkaway is my enemy!"

"He shall die," said Bambino, solemnly.

"Very well. It is for you to see to that. I am in the position you see me now, through that man. He starts for New York on Saturday in the steamer Erin, following a lady I love, whom he intends to steal from me and marry, if I do not stop him. You will embark on the same vessel, and by the time I am well enough to join you in New York, you will have rendered a good account of him."

"His spirit shall have gone to the land of shades. I, Bambino, swear it," said the Italian.

"I rely on you. Is it requisite for me to say anything more?"

"Nothing, my lord."

"Then take what money you want and be off," returned Lord Maltravers.

That night Bambino was on his way to Liverpool, from which port the steamer started.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE royal plate at Windsor is reported to be worth £1,800,000. It includes a gold service ordered by George IV., which will dine 140 persons, and the same monarch added to the collection one of the finest wine coolers in the world, a shield formed of snuff-boxes worth £9,000, and thirty dozen plates worth £10,000. There are also a variety of pieces brought from abroad and from India. The latter include a peacock of precious stones of every kind, worth £30,000 and a Tippoo's foot-stool, a tiger's head with crystal teeth and a solid ingot of gold for his tongue.

WHAT ARE THE STARS?

Are they white lambs, these stars on high,
  That, when the day-star sinks in night,
Still feed in pastures of the sky,
  And to the shepherds lend their light?

Or silver lilies are they, there,
  With sweetest petals open spread,
That, when we mortals rest from care,
  Sheir fragrance o'er the weary shed?

Or consecrated candles tall,
  That on God's altar shine so bright,
The darkness of our earthly ball
  To dissipate with softest light?

Ah! no! they are the letters fair,
  With which good angels, clothed in white,
Sweet hymns of love for us prepare,
  And in heaven's book of record write.

—*From the German.*

Pluck Wins:

OR,

The Storv of Perseverance Boat-Club.

BY CAPT. FRED. WHITTAKER,

AUTHOR OF "LANCE AND LASSO," "THE CADET BUTTON," "LIFE OF CUSTER," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

PUTTING ON THE GLOVES.

GREAT excitement pervaded the village of South Neowasco that night, for it had spread far and wide that Egmont Elmhurst was going to box Dan Bluxome for the captaincy of Perseverance Boat Club. At least that was the way the boys put it, though Egmont disclaimed any intention of fighting.

"I don't want to fight him; I'd rather be friends with him; but he won't be friends till we've had a set-to. Well, let's have it, then. That will settle it, for good or bad."

At eight o'clock precisely, punctual as ever, Samson Young made his appearance to light up the barn, and found it already lined with expectant small boys.

At ten minutes past eight, Dan Bluxome came in, followed by Rooney and Steiner, and proceeded to the corner of the barn, where he remained, talking in low tones.

The interest of the small boys centered on Danny as the school-champion, and they did a great deal of staring, while outlying scouting-parties scoured the neighborhood in search of Elmhurst.

Presently a shrill cheer announced that he was coming, and shortly afterward into the barn he walked, followed by Doctor Arthur, Squire Elmhurst and a strange young man, who was addressed as "Bracebridge" by the squire.

The entrance of the great man of Neowasco produced a profound impression on the audience. Every one thought that the squire was going to stop the fight and read them a lecture, wherefore those nearest the door began to sneak out of the way.

Dan Bluxome and his friends in the corner looked uneasy and scowled at the old gentleman, but to their surprise he greeted them with perfect cordiality.

"Which of you young men is Mr. Bluxome?"

Danny rose up instantly, rather sulky.

"That's me, sir."

"Mr. Bluxome," said the squire, "they tell me that you and my son have quarreled. Is that so?"

"Yes, sir," replied Dan, frowning. "Your son picked onto me and we're agoin' to fight it out."

"But since that time they also tell me that you have saved my son's life," pursued the squire. "Is that correct, Mr. Bluxome?"

"No. I fished him out of the river, but if it hadn't been for Dr. Arthur, he'd never have spoken again."

Danny stood swaying awkwardly from one foot to the other, looking as sullen as could be imagined, but he answered without hesitation.

The squire smiled.

"You make yourself out worse than you are. If you had not fished him out, Dr. Arthur could not have revived him. Now the question is, why do you want to fight my son?"

"Because he tripped me, before the school-marm, and I'm goin' to lick him for it," growled Danny. "You mind your own business, and let us fight it out."

"Well, Dan Bluxome, if you had not saved my son's life, I would not let him fight you, even with the gloves," observed the squire. "Now, mark my words: I let this matter go on simply because you ask me. Are you satisfied?"

"It's all I want," answered Bluxome with a grim smile. "Get the old gloves, Sammy."

The squire stepped back with Dr. Arthur to the side of the barn, while the boys gathered round the walls in high expectations; for it was plain that where so much feeling existed, the battle would be worth seeing.

There was a dead silence as Dan Bluxome threw off his upper clothes and girt a strap tightly round his waist, while Sam Young brought out the dirty old gloves from the corner.

Egmont Elmhurst on his part rapidly disrobed, and made his appearance in a white silk undershirt and black trowsers, looking very slight and delicate when opposed to Dan Bluxome, who seemed to be at least ten or twelve pounds heavier.

Then Dr. Arthur beckoned to some one outside, and one of the squire's servants came in with a big bag, from which he produced two pairs of beautiful white kid boxing-gloves.

"Look here, boys," said the squire good-naturedly; "those old gloves you have there are all worn out, and nearly as hard as your fists. Take these new ones: they're stuffed so as not to hurt."

"I don't want 'em not to hurt," answered Danny in the same obstinate tone he had used all through. "If you're afraid for your son, take him away."

The squire shrugged his shoulders and fell back to the side of the barn again.

"Very well. Put them on, Eggy," was all he said.

Egmont obeyed; and then the combatants faced each other for the first time since the encounter on the school-green, while the lookers-on hugged the sides of the barn in dead silence.

The match looked all against Elmhurst, slight, erect and agile as he was, when one scanned the broad shoulders of his opponent; and so thought Bluxome, for he began to advance, vengeance in his eye, against the slight collegian.

Elmhurst stood with his hands down, near his waist, balancing lightly from foot to foot, a smile playing on his lips.

Danny held his right foot foremost, edged nearer to his foe, and finally made a desperate blow at Elmhurst, drawing back his right arm to his shoulder before striking.

Without attempting to parry it, Elmhurst gave a sort of bow, with a smooth sinuous motion of the head, and came up on the other side of the blow, close to Danny, when he rattled in his left and right on the clumsy villager's face and body, with a force that made Bluxome grunt as the wind was knocked out of him. Then, before Dan could retaliate, the young gentleman had sprung back and was out of danger, still smiling.

Bluxome looked staggered and puzzled.

"Change those gloves," cried the squire at this juncture. "He'll hurt you if you keep on, I tell you."

Then Danny's face flushed scarlet, and he suddenly rushed at young Elmhurst, plying him with a multitude of blows, and hoping to crush him by main strength.

But Elmhurst was not to be caught. He evaded every rush with the same cool dexterity, and several times struck the furious boy on the side of the head as he rushed by, Danny missing his aim in his eagerness.

All the while Egmont did not receive a single blow. Presently Bluxome began to puff and blow, for he was doing all the work, while Elmhurst waited for him.

Danny changed his tactics then, and determined to imitate his antagonist by waiting.

So there was a pause in the battle.

Egmont saw it, smiled, and advanced in his turn. Bluxome cou d not stand the menace, so he instantly struck out another vicious blow with his right, which led him into a repetition of his first dose, Egmont ducking his head out of harm's way and returning with the left on the face, the right on the body.

This time, the right hand of Elmhurst came in so hot and heavy, that Danny gave a deep grunt, doubled up, and sat down on the floor.

"There," cried the squire; "I told you he'd hurt you, if you wouldn't leave him alone. Now will you let him coach the club or not?"

"Never!" cried Danny, and he staggered up and made a wild rush for Elmhurst.

The latter slipped aside without striking, and Dan stumbled and fell on his face.

In a moment he was up again, as game as ever, when the squire stepped forward and said authoritatively.

"I've had enough of this now. You're beaten, and I can't let him hurt you again. Do you give up?"

Danny made no answer for a moment beyond glaring at Elmhurst. Then the boys began to murmur all together:

"Give up! Give up! Captain Elmhurst! Captain Elmhurst!"

With a bitter cry of mingled grief and rage Danny threw off the gloves and said:

"Have it your own way then: I give up."

CHAPTER XVI.

AT WORK AGAIN.

"I SUPPOSE, after this, you'll give up your notion that boxing is a useless accomplishment," observed the young man called Bracebridge, to Doctor Arthur. "You were saying that you didn't believe it was any good to a man, but that the strongest would always come out best in a fight, even if he never took a boxing-lesson in his life."

"Well, suppose I did. It's generally true."

"But how do you account for this case? The red-head was the strongest, but he never had a chance."

"Elmhurst knows how to hit, but the other fellow didn't; that's all."

"But why didn't the other fellow hit him?"

"Because Eggy wasn't there, about the time he got home—I know that. But suppose Bluxome had got in one good crack; where would Elmhurst have been?"

"Yes, but Eggy wasn't going to give him the chance," the young man replied. "He's a pretty boxer, that boy."

The doctor made no further remark, for he didn't seem to be exactly satisfied with the turn affairs had taken.

In the meantime, Elmhurst had taken off the gloves and the boys had crowded round him, while Dan Bluxome, looking very pale and sick, had retired to his corner to sit down. He did not seem to be much punished about the face, for his nose had not been struck with any force, but for all that he could hardly stand. Elmhurst's two right-hand blows had caught him in the body, just at the place boxers call "the mark," and turned him completely sick for the time.

He was so sick that he could not muster up energy to scowl at Elmhurst when the latter came over to shake hands, but submitted to the clasp wearily, saying:

"All right, all right. You're captain, now. I've given in, haven't I?"

"But will you stay in the club?" asked Elmhurst. "I won't take the post unless you pull."

"I don't want to pull—don't want anything to-night but bed. Help me home," groaned the poor fellow, turning paler than ever, and then they had to take him away.

But no one in the club seemed to care for poor Dan Bluxome. His popularity had been short-lived, and depended on the saving of Elmhurst's life, and it vanished when he displayed such determined animosity against the man he had saved. The boys didn't seem to trouble themselves with the question of how far Egmont was to blame in the matter, but, like their elders, followed success wherever they saw it.

The meeting broke up and the boys went home, with the agreement that the Perseverance Boat Club should meet next day at Pete Jenkins's dock, to go out and practice in the gig. It was already agreed that the race-boat provided by Danny's uncle should be abandoned, at least for the present.

The agreement was made while Danny was on his way home, and it was considered very doubtful if he would be able to do any rowing in the morning, in which case Elmhurst proposed to make Joe Brown take his place.

When the morning came, however, the first person on the dock was Dan Bluxome himself, and he was perfectly obedient to the orders of Egmont, though he preserved a deep silence, and could not be drawn into any conversation by the rest.

Elmhurst made them take their seats in the boat as on the first day, go through all the regular drill with the oars, and insisted on their pulling a slow but perfect stroke, while the stern line was still fastened to the dock, the work being thus made at least double what it would have been had they been in open stream. He mercilessly criticised every stroke, and scolded each boy successively for different faults, making them work till they were pretty well tired, to all seeming trying to part the stern line.

After half an hour's practice in this way, he suddenly announced that it was time to go to the shell and see what they could do there.

Of course the boys thought that they were to go up the river to the "new dock" which held Dan's boat, but to their surprise Elmhurst called to Pete Jenkins:

"Bring out the new shell, Pete. We'll have a real pull now."

Every one opened his eyes as old Pete went down the ladder to the long boat-house under the north side of the wharf.

Presently, out of the open doors shot the long slim nose of a most lovely four-oared racing-shell, glittering with dark-brown varnish below, while the snow-white deck contained four hatchways with upright combings around them, for the four rowers. This new craft had at least twenty feet more length than the open boat sent up by Dan Bluxome's uncle, and it sat the water as erect as a duck. Four long oars were in place on the decks beside the man-holes, and the long outriggers had a knowing look.

"And is that *our* boat?" asked Sam Young, in a tone of awe. "Surely we can never pay for such a beauty as that."

"Perhaps you won't have to," observed Elmhurst, quietly. "The great thing for you to do is to learn how to row in her, so as to win the race. The collection won't pay for it, but the purse will—*if* you win it."

Dan Bluxome said nothing, but his eyes glistened as he surveyed the beautiful boat; and Elmhurst, noting the look, thought to himself that there was no further danger of Dan's deserting them.

Old Pete Jenkins sent the shell out toward them with a vigorous shove, and as the long, slim bow passed the side of the gig, Elmhurst cried:

"Oars! Ship them!"

Then he seized the boat and held it close beside the gig, while the whole of the crew, with an eagerness they could not conceal, climbed into the new craft, nearly falling overboard in the operation.

Then, for the first time, Sam Young noticed that there was no place for a steersman in the new boat.

"Why, where are *you* going?" he asked Elmhurst.

"I'm going to coach you from this boat at first, and from the bank afterward," answered the young man. "We'll try you first. Oars!"

Up went the oars, and in a moment down they went on one side, the boat nearly capsizing in the operation. Then came a desperate but badly concerted struggle to recover balance, in the course of which the boat wabbled to and fro, the crew tottered and balanced their oars, and at last sat with them up in the air, looking decidedly shaky and afraid to move.

Elmhurst laughed.

"She's a pretty boat, boys, but you've got to learn how to sit in her. Keep steady. Square yourselves and sit in the middle of the boat, upright, shoulders back, pliable above the waist: that's it. Let fall."

The oars fell with much less trouble than they had risen, and the shell lay rocking to and fro on the little wavelets, as if they had been big billows.

"Ready!" cried Elmhurst, and the boat keeled over, first to one side, then the other at the motion of the crew, as they bent forward to the oars.

"That won't do," explained the leader. "The boat wabbles because you're out of time. In a big tub like this gig, you don't notice the want of time, but in these shells you must work back and forth *on a line with the keel*, all together, or she *will* roll. Oars!"

[TO BE CONTINUED—COMMENCED IN No. 18.]

Amateur Journalism!

Correspondence, papers, etc., intended for this department should be addressed to Junius W. C. Wright, 530 Rayburn avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

Interviews with Prominent Amateurs.

JOHN EDSON BRIGGS,

Editor "The Imp," Washington, D. C.

AFTER a cordial greeting Briggs invited us to a chair, while he skirmished around the room in search of something, we knew not what. At last from under a pile of exchanges which adorned a low table in a remote corner, he drew forth a box of fine Conchas. Winking one eye knowingly, he explained. "Have to keep them hid or they would evaporate. 'I had a brother once, I that speak to you,' and"—dropping his tragic air—"he smoked, he did. That is, as long as he could purloin the 'fragrants' from my private box."

"Your experience is not an odd one, my dear Briggs," observed THE YOUNG NEW YORKER man, as that individual serenely blew forth a cloud of smoke, "but time is pressing, and if you are willing, I would like an account of how you first became interested in Amateur Journalism."

"It was toward the close of the year 1873, and in the office of Percy W. Thompson, who was then publishing the *Boys' Ledger*," began Mr. Briggs, "that I first became acquainted with the amateur press. I was at that time a genuine tyro in the typographical art, but, nevertheless, would always volunteer my services in distributing 'pi,' perusing exchanges, washing ink-rollers, etc., to which latter operation I attribute in a great measure my stern realization of such an institution as Amateur Journalism."

"With what papers have you been connected?"

"It was, as I have said, in the office of the *Boys' Ledger* that I first learnt of the existence of boys' papers, and the project being one exactly suited to my taste, I determined, after serving out my apprenticeship with Mr. Thompson, and as soon as I could convert some of my government bonds into ready cash, to start a paper on my own hook. Several months afterward, however, a very philanthropic friend of mine presented me with a duodecimo 'Novelty' printing-press and several fonts of type. I immediately began to put into execution my numerous journalistic schemes, which soon resulted in a most execrable abortion denominated the *Gem*. Later on, however, after increasing experience with my printing-press, I launched forth the initial number of the *Imp*, January 1st, 1875, which date I consider as the time I entered actively into the ranks of Amateur Journalism. I have never, during my comparatively long career, been connected with any amateur paper except my own, though I have at different periods contributed short articles to several other journals."

"Is it true that the nomination for the presidency of the National Amateur Press Association was tendered to you?"

"Of course it is true. Soon after my return from Paris last August, I received a letter from Mr. Arthur B. Perry, editor of the *Kaleidoscope*, Norfolk, Va., who said that he intended with my consent to place me at the head of his N. A. P. A. ticket. I wrote Mr. Perry thanking him for the honor he proposed doing me, but announced that I had no desire or intention to run for any office of the association."

"Have you any objections to stating *why* you declined?"

"You are rather inquisitive, Mr. Interviewer, for your question as to my reasons for declining the nomination would require the unfolding of a long series of domestic contentions and infelicities, which I am sure would harrow up your young soul and render you mentally incapacitated to continue your valuable services to THE YOUNG NEW YORKER. I will tell you as a matter of truth, however, that *de facto* President Hayes privately informed me that he intended as soon as he could put old Hartranft and Zack Chandler out of the way, to offer me the Berlin mission, and he personally requested me not to accept the N. A. P. A. nomination, believing that I could best serve my country in the land where pretzels grow on trees and the hydrants run lager beer."

"Do you consider the N. A. P. A. a desirable organization?"

"Certainly I do. I firmly believe if properly managed it can accomplish, on the principle of 'in union there is strength,' many things for the good of amateur journalism, which individually could never be done. The most important reason in my opinion, however, why our national organization should be sustained, is, that it contributes largely toward keeping up the general interest in amateur affairs. Its annual meetings afford a most pleasant re-union of old acquaintances and the introduction of new ones, and the general good time and enthusiasm which always pervades, acts as a most powerful journalistic stimulant to its members, so that when they once more return to their homes the publication of their papers is resumed with vastly renewed vigor. Another and very potent consideration why our association is desirable is that its annual conventions are always exhaustively reported in many of the most prominent professional journals of the country, which serves to bring our cause more conspicuously before the public, and hence to gradually enlarge the circle of our amateur journalistic quill-drivers."

"Can you mention any practical benefits that have resulted from the National Association?"

"I can think of nothing, Mr. Interviewer, further than what I have just said. I might mention, however, the denouncement at the last convention of what are known as the "New York boys' weekly papers," which unanimous action greatly contributed to the suspension of a number of those disreputable sheets."

"Do you think the fourth annual convention will be a large one?"

"Yes, I most assuredly anticipate a large gathering of amateurs in Washington next July. It will probably be the largest meeting that has yet been held. Since the last convention a great many south-eastern amateurs have been hatched out, all of whom will be present, besides the usual number of New York and New England amateurs. A large attendance from the West is also expected on account of the immense number of pretty girls which Washington holds forth as attractions."

"That last is a well-drawn conclusion," interpolated our Interviewer. "By the way, do you know of any special measures that will be brought up?"

"I might mention several revisions of the Constitution that will probably be brought up at our next meeting, but I am not at liberty to state them, nor by whom they are to be brought up."

"Well, to revert to another important subject, do you think puzzlers should be prohibited from membership?"

"Not by a large majority. Better a thousand times that the Chinese should go than that our noble puzzlers be excluded from the National Amateur Press Association. I consider puzzlers the ants of amateurdom. I do not precisely know what that means, but anyhow I would consider that any action taken toward their exclusion from the association representing a cause which they in a very great measure helped to found and still support, would be an irreparable disgrace to the whole fraternity."

"I suppose the Washington amateurs will make every arrangement for visitors?"

"The Washington ams., and the committee appointed by the N. A. P. A. will do all in their power to make the next convention a success in the completest sense of the word. The committee have already had their eye on the Hall of Representatives as a tip-top place for holding the meeting, but it is hardly probable that permission will be granted. However, visiting amateurs need not be alarmed on the score of having no shelter wherein to convene, for everything, including hotel accommodations, will be satisfactorily arranged."

"What are your views concerning amateurdom at the present time?"

"Just at this moment I can think of nothing special deserving attention. The columns of my paper have always advocated and advanced such measures as in my opinion would conduce to the general good of the cause of which I am proud to be a member. On the other hand, the *Imp* has ever been unanimously opposed to whatever it considered an evil in the ranks. Regarding the advancement of amateur journalism, I can say, without enlarging too much on the subject, that I consider it to-day in as healthy and desirable condition as it has ever been since its foundation. Our present papers are, on the average, larger, decidedly better printed, contain more editorial matter on topics of the day, than was customary four or five years ago; and the contributed articles and general literature have kept equal pace with the marked progress noticeable in all the other departments of our amateur papers. This highly gratifying state of affairs I think is mainly due to the fact that our amateur editors are now far less dependent upon the assistance of friends than formerly, consequently their own range of experience is increased, and better judgment as to the requisites of a first-class paper, keener appreciation as to the true merit of contributed articles, and more vigorous, fearless and brain-arguing editorials are the natural results. In fact, Mr. Interviewer, amateurdom is all right."

And we cordially agreed with Mr. Briggs as we took our leave.

Notes.

MILLS is "seeking the bubble reputation."

THE *Weekly Advocate* continues to improve with each number.

THE *Boys and Girls' Own* denounces in a lively manner the "blood-and-thunder" weeklies.

THE *Club Reporter*, Ipswich, Mass., is again on hand, with a good word for the Loyal Sons of America.

C. CLEMENT CHASE stretches his commission when he introduces Western Association matters into the columns of the national official organ.

WE have received late issues of the *Egyptian Star, Southern Am. Advertiser, Metropolitan, Transcript, Weekly Advocate, Messenger and Trenton Star.*

AMATEURS all unite in saying the Chinese should be allowed to remain, but how about puzzlers? Briggs gives his opinion in the interview we publish this week.

PRESIDENT HALL'S message in the last *National Amateur* is a poor document at best. He appoints Wednesday, July 16th next, as the date of convention for the N. A. P. A.

The Phonograph does not confine itself to the discussion of amateur topics, but branches off onto such subjects as "practical education," "temperance," etc. It is quite a newsy little journal.

THE St. Louis amateurs never did agree, and recently a portion of the members seceded from the St. Louis Amateur Editors' and Authors' Union and organized what is now known as the St. Louis Amateur Journalists' Club. The new association appears to be in a very flourishing condition.

H. H. THORP, Cleveland, Ohio, has issued a handsome new specimen book and price-list of printing material. The cover of the pamphlet is printed in gold and is a model of typographic excellence. Inside we find an elegant assortment of the latest styles of type at unusually low prices, together with all other necessaries. They sell the Standard Printing Press.

AFTER a long absence, *Leisure Moments* once more appears with W. Richard Jackson as editor. It is well printed and full of good reading, not the least of which is an essay by "Winslow," entitled "Gentleman and Knight." This number contains the last chapter of the serial story, "Branded; or the Mark of Death," which has proved such a great success. It was written on a unique plan, each chapter being by a different author. Art. J. Huss, Junius, Netos, Wm. H Russell, and Wm. F. Miller, each contributing in the order named. Speaking of this department the *Moments* says:

"J. W. C. Wright conducts the amateur department in THE YOUNG NEW YORKER, a journal for the American youth, devoid of 'blood-and thunder literature.' Boys, this is a paper which you should support."

"*Happy Thoughts*, a new amateur paper published at Carson City, Nev., speaks of THE YOUNG NEW YORKER as 'a new enemy for us to contend with,' and goes on to say, 'Before this paper gains strength we should expose the trashy stuff it has for stories; we should dissect it as it were, and crush it out of existence before it has issued six numbers.' The editor of *Happy Thoughts* was evidently laboring under a mistake when he wrote the above, as at the date of the paper (March, 1879,) there were sixteen numbers of THE YOUNG NEW YORKER issued, and instead of its being an enemy to the 'dom, it is a friend; and a friend among the professional press is not to be despised. The charge that the stories are trashy is false, and we advise our Nevada friend to make a thorough examination before he condemns, and not judge by the first number alone."—*The Correspondent.*

We thank *The Correspondent* for its vigorous defense of this paper, and hope that it may induce *Happy Thoughts* to give a more "thorough examination" of that which he so hastily and unjustly condemns.

Pulling in the Team.

A Warning to too Ambitious Athletes.

BY W. M. T.

I AM a gentleman of middle age and ample means. My father intended me for a doctor, but in my sixteenth year I was left an orphan. On his death-bed my father changed his mind about doctors. He said "that they had killed him and that he never wanted his son to be one. Doctors were nothing better than murderers. His son must be a gentleman, without exercising any profession whatever." He appointed a very worthy gentleman as my guardian and expressed a last desire to him that I should be sent to college. And to college I went. I graduated in my twenty-second year. For eight years after that I lived a life of luxury, having nothing to do but attend to clubs, parties, balls, dinners, theaters, and so forth. My father had left me a splendid income, but still I was not satisfied. I yearned for fame and celebrity. I prided myself, somewhat, on my physical strength, but racked my brain in vain to find some way by which to display to the world my prowess. When, one day, the gates of that great castle, Fame, were opened to me, and this is the way it came about: As I was walking on Broadway, somebody tapped me on the shoulder. I looked around and who should it be but my friend Cornelius Brown.

"Ah, how are you, Cornelius?" I cried.

"Very well, very well," he answered, "but I have something important to say to you. There is a saloon across the way where we can get a good oyster stew and talk without being interrupted."

We crossed the street and when seated Brown began:

"Now, my dear Norton, I have often noticed at the club and elsewhere, what an enormous muscle you have."

Here he paused. He had hit me in a weak spot. On the strength of the compliment I called for a bottle of champagne.

"I also pride myself, somewhat, on my physical strength," continued Brown, "and I think it is about time that we let the world know what we can do."

"Yes, but how?" I inquired.

"I have conceived," was the answer, "a way by which you and I with two others, may show these so-called athletes what poor specimens of man's weakness they are. I have conceived a way, in other words, by which we may win fame and glory for ourselves, and put these self-called athletes in the background."

"And what is your idea?" I inquired with an increased respect for Brown.

"I intend to organize a team to pull in the tug-of-war in the coming tournament."

I jumped up and seized his hand. Why had I not thought of this before? When he had explained his plan fully to me, I asked him who he was going to get to make up the team.

"Well," he replied, "what do you think of Barlow and Tompkins?"

"Splendid," I exclaimed; "but will they join?"

"Oh, yes, to be sure," answered my friend, stroking his beard with the air of a conqueror, "why shouldn't they join?"

"I know of no reason why they should not," I replied. "Won't it be sport to monopolize all the prizes, eh, old fellow?"

A few days later the following names were entered, the owners of which were to contest in the tug-of-war to take place at Gilmore's Garden.

Cornelius Brown, Captain; Thaddeus Norton, Nicodemus Barlow, Dickenson Tompkins.

There were two other teams to compete with us. We had to pull with one, and then the winner was to pull the other.

The eventful night had arrived. Our team was clad in green tights, while the men we were first to silence, wore purple. There was a splendid audience, and I expected to receive boundless applause when the pull was finished. Therefore, when the teams were called to time, I took my place and adjusted the rope without feeling nervous. I had been placed at the end because I was the heaviest man. The word was given: "Heave!" To describe what took place and the exact sensation that I felt, would be impossible. What I remember is this. Hardly had the rope tightened when I saw the man in front of me, who chanced to be Barlow, in a most painful position. He looked as though he was hanging on the back platform of a railroad train trying to stop it. I had hardly time to notice him, when I thought that a railroad train must be dragging me too, for I went through the sawdust and cigar ashes on the track at about the rate (it seemed to me) of thirty miles an hour. Our team arose wiser if not better men.

The gates to the castle Fame had closed to me as suddenly as they had opened. They opened on a diet of champagne and oysters. They closed with sawdust and cigar ashes finding their way slowly but surely to that stupendous cavern the stomach. I am now a merchant, a great deal happier than when I attempted to show the world my prowess—and failed.

THERE has been an extraordinary natural phenomenon at Rappelsdorf, a village near Erfurt, a fortress in Prussian Saxony. A lake near the hamlet suddenly rose with a violent boiling movement and overflowed its banks. A villager saw a column of boiling water rise to a considerable hight from the middle of the lake, when it broke and was scattered in every direction.

News and Notes of the Day.

HOW to mark the table linen—Upset the gravy.

THE famine in China is at an end. The autumn crops were good.

ICE is now manufactured in Tennessee and Georgia at one cent per pound.

JERUSALEM and Jaffa, on the Mediterranean coast, are to be connected by railway.

GERMAN Protestants this month celebrate the 350th anniversary of the Diet of Spires.

LAST year the West packed 7,480,648 hogs, which is 975,202 more than the previous year.

THE schoolboy manages to be more perfect in "recess" than at any other exercise of the school.

IN Scotland the cold of the winter was intense and unprecedented. Many perished in the snow.

THE Philadelphia courts have decided that a person is in point of law at the age of twenty-one the day before the twenty-first anniversary of his birthday.

M. VICTOR HUGO is at present remarkably well; his keen black eyes sparkle as of old, and his white locks and beard wave luxuriantly about his handsome face.

TWO persons in Astoria, Ill., were poisoned by arsenic in cheese from the factory in that town. How much of that cheese contains arsenic, and where it has been sent, have become interesting questions.

THE German protectionist party are now assailing the present coinage system. They condemn the pure gold standard as hurtful to the interests of Germany, and recommend a return to the small notes system and the issue of plenty of paper money.

THE streets in Paris are kept clean in ordinary weather by 2,500 sweepers, publicly paid, and 2,000 auxiliary hands at half wages. In very bad weather 7,000 sweepers are ready at a moment's notice to ply their brooms.

IN the bazars of Turkey apples and pears are frequently exposed for sale marked with the impressions of a leaf. While the apple is green a leaf is glued or fastened upon it, which prevents the sun's rays from acting on that part, and the impression is distinctly produced,

ARIZONA butchers are required to keep the hide and ears of cattle killed by them twenty days for public inspection, and to keep a record of all brands and marks upon them. This law is a check to the stealing of cattle, which can thus be traced by their owners.

IT has been decided to erect a new tower for the Eddystone Lighthouse, about 127 feet from the present site. The focal flame will be raised and the range of light extended to 17 1-2 miles. It will be constructed entirely of granite, and will contain nine apartments and cost £78,000.

THERE are 50,000,000 acres of land in California fit for cultivation, but not over 5,000,000 are in actual use for that purpose, and not over 8,000,000 are inclosed. Over 20,000,000 acres are held by land rings or individual monopolists for speculative purposes, in tracts of 125,000 to 300,000 acres.

THE Emperor of Germany is taking great care of himself at present that he may be able to enjoy the festivities which are to celebrate the golden anniversary of his wedding. Only one other member of the House of Hohenzollern has attained to this anniversary—this one was Frederick the Great.

IF contributors would fold manuscripts, and never—no, never—roll them, one fruitful cause of death among editors, printers and proof-readers would be removed. The manuscript that brings joy to the sanctum is that which is written on half-sheets of note-paper, sent flat, in an envelope of suitable size.

OYSTERS are never eaten in their fresh state in China. After being taken from the shell, they are plunged into boiling water, then exposed in the sun until thoroughly dried. In such condition they retain their delicacy and native flavor for a long time, according to Chinese ideas, but New Yorkers would not like them.

THE London *Standard* having stated that there was no well-authenticated case of a man or woman surviving a century, a correspondent reminds it that Canon Beadon, of the English Church, is still living; that he was ordained in 1801, and that he must have been 23 years of age then, or he could not have been ordained.

THE zither is a musical instrument that is not much heard in the United States, but in Germany it is in use to such an extent that a Convention of players is soon to be held there, at which a very large attendance is expected, including virtuosos of notable skill. It is not an instrument of power, and the player must be very good who can charm with it.

MARIA GILLETT, a grandniece of Gen. Ethan Allen, died a few days ago, aged 80, at the Watervliet Shaker farm, where she had lived for fifty years. The Albany *Times* says: "She retained the Allen mark, having been born with six fingers, the surplus member being removed in her infancy; and her children, of whom she reared two, exhibited the same peculiarity."

PROF. KOHL, in a recent paper, denies the exclusively modern use of guano in agriculture, and quotes the Arabian geographer, Edresi, as mentioning cliffs bordering the Persian Gulf which were covered with the excrements of birds. These were used as manure at Bassora and up the Euphrates. The Peruvians also used guano at the time the Europeans first arrived there, and Humboldt, early in this century, urged its use, but without effect. It was only in 1840 that the first ship-load of the article was sent to England from the Chincha Islands, and a large demand soon sprung up.

THE military testament of Frederick the Great, containing his views upon the organization, tactics and strategy of the Prussian army, has just been published for the first time by permission of the Berlin Government. The important treatise thus given to the world 110 years after its composition, forms part of a more comprehensive work, entitled, "My Political Testament," and penned by the king in his leisure hours, after the close of the Seven Years' War. The political part of the work is considered unfit for publication even now; the chapters on military matters are divulged at last, and are said to prove Frederick one of the greatest military writers of all times.

IT is well known, throughout Germany at least, that the blue cornflower is the Emperor William's favorite flower and color, and it is the practice to decorate his room with it on his birthday, the 22d of March. After the late dastardly attack on the Emperor's life the cornflower became the emblem of loyalty and devotion of the Prussian people. Ladies wore cornflowers in their hats, gentlemen in their buttonholes; medals bearing the Emperor's effigy on one side and a wreath of cornflowers on the other were worn in bracelets and necklets; note paper was decorated with the favorite flower; in short, it was employed in every conceivable way to testify the loyalty of the people.

SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1879.

Terms To Subscribers.

One copy, six months, .	$1.25
" " one year. . .	2.50
Two copies, one year, . . .	4.50

NOTICE.—We will furnish back numbers of THE YOUNG NEW YORKER, to No. 1, as required, post-paid, on the remittance of five cents per copy. Back numbers can also be ordered through any newsdealer.

Address all remittances and communications to

ADAMS AND COMPANY, Publishers,
98 William Street, N. Y.

"*All out-door games, athletic sports, rowing, ball games, etc., OUGHT TO BE ENCOURAGED, for the sake of the health which they promote.*"—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Our Prize Tournament.

BESIDES a great many correct entries, which we notice in their proper place, we have received a number of questions which show that some of our correspondents do not clearly understand the conditions of the tournament announced in last week's YOUNG NEW YORKER. We shall therefore recapitulate and explain as far as possible.

THE ATHLETIC CONTESTS.

Entries may be made for the following:

Walking, heel-and-toe, one, two, and five miles. Specify distance entered for on "contest" line of blank in this paper.

Running, 100, 200 and 500 yards. Specify as above.

"*Go-as-you-please*," five, ten and twenty miles. Specify as above.

Standing Jumps, high, or broad, or both. Specify as above.

Running Jumps, high, or broad, or both. Specify as above.

Rowing, single and double sculls and pair oars in working boats (ordinary boats).

ENTRIES.

Entries must be made on the blank form in THE YOUNG NEW YORKER, and neatly cut out, not torn. If the party desires to enter for *more than one contest* he must send a *separate application for each*, on a *separate sheet*. Only one of these need be cut out of THE YOUNG NEW YORKER. The others can be written *in the same form* on note-paper of the *same size*, but every separate person who enters must make his *first* entry on THE YOUNG NEW YORKER blank furnished in this paper, and the copies must be *uniform in size and neatly written*. Where entries are not according to our rules we shall notice them as "Incorrect Entries." In such cases a new application will have to be made on a new blank. We shall continue to furnish these blanks in future numbers.

CONDITIONS OF CONTESTS.

Contests may be held *wherever and whenever the parties please*, so long as they are according to our rules, which are only designed to secure correct records. The last day for sending of Entries is May 15th; the limit for contests is not yet settled, but will probably be the 15th of June, unless the weather becomes too hot for such work.

We wish the contests to be conducted *in every town and village in the United States and Canada, wherever the parties entering can secure a properly-measured track and responsible judges and scorers*. For judges and referees we require men of acknowledged standing and honesty, such as the principal of the village school, the editor of the village paper, or a clergyman, if he will consent to act. If none of these parties will undertake the trouble of overseeing the contest we shall be satisfied with judge and scorer *appointed by them*. Our only desire is to have *square contests on properly-measured tracks, and to secure honest records*. In large towns school principals and clergymen can also appoint the referees and scorers. In cases where this is not practicable, as where the grown people will not undertake the trouble, another way may be taken:

If any number of boys, from ten upward, will agree to elect a judge and scorer, and send us the name of such at the time of sending the record, we will accept him, if we are satisfied the contest was a square one.

N. B.—If a contest is fully reported in the columns of a reputable local paper in town or village, a copy of the number containing the account, if made according to our rules, will be accepted as good record, on the authority of the editor.

HOW TO ENTER.

Take a pair of scissors and cut out of this number the form, marked "Entry." Cut neatly along the black lines. Fill up the blanks as follows:

On the date line, write *place and date in full*, for example, "Erie, Pa., April 27th, 1879." Be particular not to omit the State.

"Opposite "Name," give name *in full*, for example, "Charles B. Smith," not using initials, as "C. B. Smith."

Opposite "Address," give the town, county and State, *with street number, if any*, or P. O. Box, if any.

Opposite "Age," give years and months in figures, as: "14 years, 5 months."

Opposite "Hight," give hight *in stockings*.

Opposite "Weight," give weight in walking or running costume, such as undershirt, trowsers or drawers, and shoes, not in coat and vest.

Opposite "Contest," specify the kind of contest for which entry is made, *only one kind on each entry*.

Do not number your application. We do that ourselves. Inclose your entry or entries in an envelope addressed

THE YOUNG NEW YORKER,
(Prize Department,)
98 William St.,
New York city.

THE PRIZES.

We can only give this week an approximate list of these, which will be made more complete in future numbers. All prizes will be in the form of gold or silver belts, cups, trophies, badges, medals, etc., so that the parties winning them may not be disqualified for amateur contests. No money prize will be given and no professional athletes will be admitted to the contest. Professionals are those who make their living by athletics or contend for money.

The "go-as-you-please" races will have a minimum allowance of nine prizes, three for each distance. The value and number of these prizes over nine will depend on the number of entries, and the youngest will have an equal chance with the oldest to win, on account of the handicap allowance given according to age and strength.

The walking and running races will each have nine prizes, three for each distance, and more in proportion to the number of entries.

The jumping and leaping prizes will be three in number, each, and more in proportion to the number of entries.

The rowing prizes will be three in each class, and follow the same rule.

The principle regulating the value of prizes will be as follows:

The amount of prizes will depend on the number of entries. If we have twenty-five thousand entries the prizes will amount to $5,000, and for a less number the proportion will be the same.

For example, if we have a total of five thousand separate entries, then the prizes will be divided as follows: For "go-as-you-please" walking and running, $150 each in eighteen prizes, six for each distance; base-ball $250, and $50 each for standing jump, running jump and rowing.

For the best "all-round athlete," excelling in all the contests entered for, there would then be a solid silver belt worth $100, and another, worth $50, for the second best.

This indicates the general principle of distribution which will be followed, in larger or smaller sums according to the number of entries.

HOW THE PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED.

There seems to be much misapprehension on this point. Boys will say, "I would enter, but I have no chance against so-and-so, who is older and stronger than I."

Here you are wrong. *Every reader of* THE YOUNG NEW YORKER *has an equal chance for a good prize, if not the first*, for all the contests will be conducted on the handicap principle, giving *allowance for age and size*. Thus the smart boy of twelve who does *his utmost* in a race and makes a good record for his age, may find himself put, by his time allowance, beside a strapping youth of eighteen, who does more. The reason that we insist on hight, weight and age, in our blank entries, is to gain materials for our handicap tables, on which the records will be judged. The great point for every boy who wants to win a prize, is not only to enter himself, but *to induce as many of his friends as possible to do the same*. For example, A. B., of Smithtown, Ohio, enters, and there are only two more entries from his village, while the total number of entries from the whole Union is only one thousand.

Then A. B., if he gains first prize in any sport, will only get a cup or medal worth about $5.

If, on the other hand, A. B. and his friends canvass their school, and induce, each of them, twenty boys to enter, A. B.'s chance of first prize will be raised to one worth $100, and there will be twenty prizes to distribute where there was only one before. Thus his own and his neighbors' chances will increase.

It costs each boy only the price of one YOUNG NEW YORKER for a blank, and a stamped envelope—eight cents at the outside—to make his entry, and he can send the whole twenty entries that he obtains in one envelope if he wishes, thus getting a chance at *twenty prizes*, if he only enters for *one contest*, and for *a hundred prizes, including a solid silver belt worth* $100, if he does his best and trains hard to do well in all the contests.

The "All round Athlete Champion Belt" will be awarded on the best record in all the athletic contests, not including base-ball. Each contest will be marked in a certain number of points, total to be 100 points, and the percentage rule will govern the award.

BASE-BALL.

The base-ball contests will be separated from the rest and will last the season, the prizes to be awarded in the fall.

There will be a Champion Amateur Pennant of silk, embroidered with gold, for the champion club; a bat mounted in solid silver, a silver ball, and ten gold medals for the best performers, as developed by the scores, and here also the amount of prizes will depend on the amount of entries, while the members of each team will increase their chances of base-ball prizes exactly ninefold by making for each boy an individual entry in the athletic tournament, if only for the 100-yard dashes or running jumps, etc.

THE WRITERS' TOURNAMENT.

Two very foolish boys ask if the composition must be original, and one actually asks if he could get a prize by sending one of Longfellow's poems. These boys need no answers. We leave them to their competitors to be scarified.

FINAL DIRECTIONS.

Below will be found form of athletic entry. Follow it strictly. *We will not receive any athletic entry except on one of these blanks.* Additional entries may be written on note paper in same form and size; but the first entry MUST be on our blank. Two or more contests *must not* be put on one blank.

Entries after April 17th will be noticed next week, and all points that are not fully understood will be explained in future numbers.

Incorrect Entries.

THE following entries received are incorrect and new entries must be made on new blanks: Thomas Edward Shore has put two contests on one entry. Frederick W. Barré has not used our blank. He sends five entries, dated April 16th. He must send one *on a blank*, to get his number. William E. Jones, April 17th, makes the same mistake. We reserve both entries till the blank arrives. Benj. Snyder and M. Casey must send entry on separate blanks for double sculls and conform to regulations.

Correct Entries.

No.		*Name.*	
1.	April 15th,	Harry Riddle	100 yds. r.
	"	"	200 " "
	"	"	500 " "
2.	"	Frank G. W. Blow	20 m. g.
3.	"	George Y. Burnham	20 " "
	"	"	10 " "
	"	"	5 m. w.
4.	"	Penn Kennedy	s. s.
5.	"	Charles A. Kuck	10 m. g.
6.	"	John J. Connolly	5 m. w.
7.	"	Robert Abesser	5 " "
	"	"	20 m. g.
8.	"	William E. Jones	5 m. w.
9.	"	Frank Clarke	2 " "
	"	"	5 " "
10.	April 16th,	Frank Bolster	5 " "
	"	"	2 " "
11.	"	Edward Maloney	10 m. g.
12.	"	John Rogers	20 " "
	"	"	5 m. w.
	"	"	10 m. g.
13.	"	Joseph W. Parker	10 " "
14.	"	James Bell	500 yds. r.
15.	"	James A. Sheehan	5 m. w.
	"	"	2 " "
16.	"	Christopher C. Ellis	200 yds. r.
17.	"	John Gallagher	20 m. g.
18.	"	Richard Callahan	20 " "
19.	"	Benjamin Snyder	5 " "
20.	April 17th,	Michael O'Connor	20 " "
21.	"	Henry Kirby	100 yds. r.
	"	"	10 m. g.
22.	"	Fred. M. Brister	500 yds. r.
23.	"	Dumont F. Goodman	500 " "
24.	"	Thomas O'Brien	5 m. g.
25.	"	Gustave A. Jahn	5 " "
26.	"	Patrick Conners	5 " "

Initials: "g." stands for "go-as-you-please," "w." for walk," "r." for run, "s. s." for single sculls, "d. s." double sculls, etc.

Sporting Notes.

THE Bostons play at Davenport, Iowa, May 26th.

THE North-western League Clubs will each travel about 5,000 miles.

THE Clintons, Mass., have applied for admission to the National Association.

JOHN ENNIS, the pedestrian, sailed for Europe on April 19th, from Philadelphia.

J. E. BESSON, of Lynn, Mass., walked 5 miles backward, in 1h. 17m. 5s., April 18th.

HENRY SEAVERS walked 100 miles in 22h. and 7m. at Dart's Hall, Rock Island, Ill., April 16th.

THE Muscatine, Iowa, Rowing Association has disbanded and is succeeded by the "Athletic Rowing Club."

THERE is to be a regatta upon the Delaware on May 12th, between the boats of the South Camden Yacht Club.

JOHN MCQUILLAN walked 5 miles in 49m. 45s. at West Boylston, Mass., April 18th, winning the town championship.

THERE will be a six-days' go-as-you-please match at the Industrial Art Building, Philadelphia, beginning on the 28th of April.

APRIL 16th, a six-days' walking-match commenced between Madames Fillmore and Ventone, at Concert Hall, Philadelphia.

THE St. Louis Browns have been recognized, and if they cannot get into the National Association, they will try the N. W. League.

JOHN BUSH made 398 miles in Newark last week, to Wm. Paulin's 342, under the auspices of the Newark P. A. A. A. Bush is 46 years old.

W. H. CRAFT tried to walk 110 miles to the 100 of T. Chevalier, at Albany, last week, but only made 94 and gave up. Pride before a fall.

THE Davenport, Iowa, crew is Weston, stroke; Fleming, No. 2; Rowse, No. 3; and Hirschl, bow. They have ordered a new shell to cost about $300.

THE Pennsylvania State Rifle Association held a meeting on April 18th, Philadelphia, which was attended by delegates from the different clubs.

AT New Hunting Park, Philadelphia, there was a three-hours' go-as-you-please walk, upon April 18th, which was won by Struble scoring 19 miles.

J. J. CAMPBELL recently ran nine miles in 1 hour 59 1-4 minutes at the Cincinnati Gymnasium; his best mile—the fourth—was made in 5 3-4 minutes.

APRIL 16th, at Jenkinstown, Pennsylvania, a ten-mile walk took place, Frank Fowler winning, walking the ten miles in one hour and forty-three minutes.

IT is said that Mr. L. S. Morgan, manager of the Peoria nine, last year, has organized a strong nine and applied for admission to the North-western League.

THE Burlington, Iowa, Boat Club has ordered a new shell and will be out with the following crew: Ohrt, stroke; Osgood, No. 2; Schenck, No. 3; and Fowler, bow.

HENRY RADABAUGH, of McClure Gap, Pennsylvania, recently split 1,000 chestnut rails in one day, and now challenges anybody for the championship of the State.

THE Nautilus Boat Club, of Reading, Pennsylvania, has gone into practice on the Schuylkill river, and has made application for admission into the Schuylkill Navy.

A FIVE-MILE walking match for amateurs took place April 16th, at St. James Hall, Boston, and was won by W. Holt, in 43m. 45s. A three-mile junior race was won by Frank O'Brien, in 30m.

THE Athletic Base-ball Club of Philadelphia, for 1879, will comprise: Lomas, p.; Serguson, c.; Abadie, 1st b.; Blackburn, 2d b; Birchall, 3d b.; Myers, s s.; Connell, l. f.; Huff, c. f.; T. Reynolds, r. f.

MADAME DU PREE made 50 miles in 8h. 45m. and 35s., at the German Theater, Davenport, Iowa, last week. Wm. Logan walked 25 miles in 4h. at the same place and time, and John Bowlsby, 50 miles in 8h. 20m. and 10s.

PEORIA, Ill., has a strong amateur nine, composed of the following players. Franks, c.; G. Pinkney, p.; Bush, 1st b.; Hickey, 2d b.; A. Pinkney, 3d b.; Ryors, s. s.; Minor, l. f.; Miller, c. f.; Warner, r. f. Their name will be "The Peorias."

THE nine which will represent Spencer, Mass., for the coming season is composed of the following players: Finnell, c.; Nesbitt, p.; Ferry, 1st b.; O'Brien, 2d b.; Tommy Gill, 3d b.; McNamara, s. s.; McCarthy, l. f.; Lynaugh, c. f.; Brophy, r. f.

AT the Palais Royal, Harry La Rose commenced his task of a six-day walk, Monday, April 14th, which terminated Saturday, April 19th; he had made 313 miles; actual walking time, 75h. 14m., having been off the track almost half the time.

TREBORN GARDNER and John Cassidy of the Newark Pedestrian Amateur Athletic Association tried a 24-hour go-as-you-please match last week, and ran themselves nearly to a stand still in 6 hours. Cassidy finally made 89 miles. Go slower, gentlemen.

A NEWARK correspondent who professes to know, says that J. W. B.'s time for the late sprint running in Newark is 3 seconds out of the way. If so, the Newark sprint runners are not entitled to a record as good as 10 seconds, 13 being nearer the mark.

THE Athletic Association of the College of the City of New York will hold their annual championship games at the Manhattan Athletic Club grounds, Eighth avenue and 56th street, May 10th. There will be a mile walk, open to all amateurs who never won a prize in a walk before. Entries close May 5th, and are to be made to W. M. Watson, 436 E. 58th street.

A WALKING-MATCH for the benefit of the Steam-engine Co. took place at Leicester, Mass., Thursday evening, April 17th. In the five-mile walk, the first prize was won by D. S. Quinn, time 48m. 41s.; second prize, P. Hanlon; third, A. B. Allen. In the "go-as-you-please" race, ten miles, Mr. J. McGowan won in 1h. 12m. 58s.; J. Chenery second, and Ellis Partridge third.

MR. ZEKE HORKUM, of the Cincinnati Gymnasium, who is only 17 and weighs 138lbs., puts up a hundred-pound dumb-bell with both hands, a 75-pound ball in one hand and a 70-pound ball in the other. He now challenges Ohio to produce his equal. If Mr. Horkum does not stop this kind of work he will never live to see fifty years, and will probably die of heart disease before thirty.

THE employees of Croton Market had their annual race Tuesday, April 15th, from Forty-second street to Highbridge and back by a circuitous route, making 15 miles. Entries: G. Vandal, T. Murphy, J. Harrington, J. Dunn, T. Ford, T. Eagan, T. Degan and F. Wrightner. Thomas Eagan won in 1 hour 55 minutes, excellent time. Thomas Murphy was second, 24 minutes behind, the rest tailing. Go it again, gentlemen.

SATURDAY evening, April 19th, there were two pedestrian contests, the first being a ten-mile walk for amateurs who have been winners in previous contests, and was won by John T. F. Saunders; time, 1h. 42m.; prize, a silver watch. Next came James Davis in 1h. 44m. 15s.; prize, a goblet. In the go-as-you-please, there were sixteen competitors, but owing to the lateness of the time of starting only nine miles were completed; John Hourihan won; time, 1h.

THE first game of the season at Buffalo took place on Wednesday, April 16th, between the Buffalos and Essex. The Buffalos played a fine game; their batting was terrific, thirty base hits being secured. The nine for '79 has been greatly improved by the addition of Clapp and Richardson. The new man, Walker, did not play, but great things are expected of him. The score was as follows:

	R.	1B.	E.
Buffalo	25	30	2
Essex	0	0	11

Pretty clean whitewash.

ENTRY.

No. ....

.... *187*....

Messrs. Adams and Company,

98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

Gentlemen:—I desire to enter in the **YOUNG NEW YORKER BOYS' ATHLETIC PRIZE TOURNAMENT** *for 1879.*

Name..

Address...

....

Age..

Hight.............................. **Weight**..........................

Contest...

Yours respectfully,

....

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

Several letters stand over for next week's paper.

Address all communications to EDITOR YOUNG NEW YORKER, 98 William street, New York City, inclosing real name and address of writer as guarantee of good faith. Anonymous letters burnt in future.

O. B. MARSH. Post your letters on Thursday evenings.

LOT DARLING. Your paper is not original or we are very much mistaken.

WESTERN BOY. Your story is an improvement on the last. Work on, but don't put in too much excitement.

BERNARD B., New Orleans. Your news must be fresher if you wish a correspondent's credentials. Try again.

JOSEPH SEILER. Your items are too stale for use. Try again. See notice to correspondents in last week's paper.

D. D., Tiffin, Ohio. We cannot send a correspondent's card till we see what sort of news you send and whether you are reliable.

J. M. REID. Your productions are suitable for the boys' column and news items. We shall be happy to hear from you from time to time.

J. R. MOORE. Send on your items and we will see about credentials.—There are Loyal Sons in Georgia. Write to head-quarters for information.

R. MASON. You mean Dr. Winship. He lifted 1,200 lbs. with his hands and 2,600 in harness. W. B. Curtis, of New York, has lifted 3,300 lbs. in harness and 1,250 lbs. with hands. Dr. Winship died of too much lifting and Curtis has given it up.

DICK OVERTON, Scranton, Pa., writes: "I saw an answer to J. H. H. that you were thinking about publishing a series of articles on boxing. It would please a great many readers of your paper in this city if you would." ANSWER. We shall do it when the outdoor sports get stale, and not before the winter.

G. C. P., Georgetown, Mass. You should never get angry without being sure you are right. Our doubt as to the correctness of time in your report imputed no falsehood to you, but an error to the judges. Nothing is so liable to be deceptive as a track record unless proper measurements are made.

J., Plainfield, N. J., writes: "I made sixteen and a half miles in three hours, on a half-mile race-course that has not been put in condition since last summer, running—without rest—the first 10 miles in 1h. 28m., and the first 7 miles in exactly 1 hour. Is the above up to the average for boys of 16?" ANSWER. Fully so. It was very good work for an untrained amateur.

PEDESTRIAN writes: "I have read your paper and think it is 'boss.' Please answer the following questions: 1st. I am 15, measure 5ft. 8in., weigh 120 lbs., wear a number six shoe and am in good health. Do you think I could go into training? 2d. How is my writing?" ANSWER. 1st. Certainly. Enter for a prize at once. 2d. Your writing is legible but it sprawls over the paper too much.

DICKY BIRD asks: "1st. When will Oliver Optic's new story begin? 2d. Will you publish a story in your paper by Albert W. Aiken, and when? 3d. What will it cost to mail a letter from Baltimore to London, Eng.? 4th. Will you take a report of a base-ball match?" ANSWERS. 1st. In about three weeks. 2d. Cannot say just at present. 3d. Five cents. 4th. Any quantity of them properly written.

W. H. J., Brooklyn, asks: "What is the fastest amateur time for 1-mile walk and 5-mile walk respectively. Also the best amateur 1-mile run and 5-mile run?" ANSWERS. 1-mile walk—6m. 44⅜s., T. H. Armstrong, New York, Oct. 24th, 1877. 5-mile walk—36m. 49s., H. Venn, London, Eng., April 15th, 1878. 1-mile run—4m. 17¼s., W. Richards and W. Lang, Manchester, Eng., dead heat, Aug. 19th, 1865. 5-mile run—no amateur record.

YOUNG SPORTSMAN asks: "1st. Is my story accepted? 2d. Please give your opinion of it? 3d. Will I receive a correspondent's card if I send what news I can obtain? 4th. Will I need references before I can become a correspondent?" ANSWERS. 1st. Yes and printed. 2d. It is excellent of its kind, the best proof being that we found it impossible to cut out a line to shorten it. Write that way always and you will succeed. 3d. We send you one by this mail. 4th. Not now. A man is known by his deeds.

C. H. L., Cleveland, Ohio, asks: "1st. Are you going to have a place in your paper for making and setting of traps and snares, and also the manufacture and handling of row and sail-boats? 2d. What can you supply me a book on short-hand writing for? 3d. What do you think of my writing, and do you keep on file all the letters you receive?" ANSWERS. No regular department but all the information that may be needed. 2d. 50 cents. 3d. Your writing is not good. Go to a writing school as soon as you can. —We file all letters till printed.

SMASH, Rochester, N. Y., writes: "I am a boy of 16 years, am 5ft. 4in. in hight, and slender and pale. 1st. What can I do to have more flesh and blood? 2d. Is there a book by the name of 'Miss Multon,' and where can I obtain it? 3d. Would you like to have a correspondent in this city, and if so, could you please send me a corresponding ticket?" ANSWERS. 1st. Take out-door exercise and eat plenty of good substantial food. 2d. "Miss Multon" is a play from the French, not a book. The original of the play is Mrs. Wood's novel of "East Lynne," for sale at all book-stores. 3d. Send on your news for a few weeks and we will see about it.

R. L. R., Glenville, Gilmer Co., West Va., writes: "1st. I sent in some questions a few weeks ago, have not heard from them yet, but suppose they will turn up in good time. What causes the little white specks to come under the finger nails? 2d. Is 'J. C. Bryant's Book-keeping' the best that is used? 3d. What is a good thing to keep the hands soft? 4th. What do you think of my writing?" ANSWERS. 1st. Your first letter has not come to hand; probably it was unstamped or not sufficiently stamped. The specks are of obscure origin. Some defect in the skin causes them. 2d. It is as good as any. 3d. Want of work and sleeping in kid gloves. 4th. It is fair.

B. C. B. asks: "Will you be so kind as to give me a little information about oarsmen and how to train for one? 1st. I am 17 years old and stand 5ft. 6¼in., weigh 134 lbs., and measure 15½in. across the shoulders; is that good? 2d. What kind of exercise must I take? 3d. What must I do to get long-winded? 4th. What weight dumb-bells and Indian clubs must I use? 5th. How long should I use them and how often? 6th. How much sleep do I require?" ANSWERS. We cannot give full instructions for oarsmen in such a limited space. 1st. Your hight and weight are well up to the average. 2d. Running, walking, rowing and clubs or dumb-bells. 3d. Practice running. 4th. Six pounds. Use rapidly and work by number, not weight. 5th. Practice twice a day not more than 15 minutes each time. 6th. Eight to ten hours.

W. H. C., Livonia, N. Y., asks: "1st. Which is the best way to rig a 25-foot boat, sloop or cat rigged? 2d. If sloop-rigged, would it be best rigged with the following sails: main-sail, top-sail, fore-stay-sail and jib; or rigged like this: main-sail, top-sail and jib? 3d. Please state the size of the sails when it is rigged in the best way, so as to have it a rather fast, and yet rather 'stiff,' boat? 4th. And what would be the cost of a first-class sloop or yacht, 25-foot, all fitted up except the sails?" ANSWERS. 1st. Cat rig is a dangerous one for any but a thorough sailor used to it. Sloop rig is the safest, especially in tacking. 2d. Main-sail and jib would be the best. 3d. The longer the boom and the larger the spread of canvas fore and aft—not up and down—the stiffer and swifter the boat, as the pressure is not wasted in careening the boat. 4th. Impossible to answer without more data. We advise you to go to a boat-builder and state your case fully.

J. W. G., Rockport, Ind., asks: "1st. How old does a young man have to be before he can be appointed to the West Point Military Academy or to the Annapolis Naval Academy? 2d. Who has the power of appointing him? 3d. What does he have to know before he can enter? 4th. How long does it take him to complete his course. 5th. How long does he have to remain in the service after he has graduated? 6th. What salary does one receive while at the Academy? 7th. What are his expenses while at the Academy? 8th. When can he enter, after being appointed?" ANSWERS. 1st. Seventeen to twenty is the limit. 2d. Members of Congress, one cadet to each district. The President appoints ten at large. 3d. He is examined in reading, spelling, writing, arithmetic, geography and history. 4th. It takes four years to complete the course. 5th. Not an hour unless he pleases. 6th. Pay, $40 a month with rations and quarters. 7th. Nothing but his first outfit and uniform. 8th. Annual entry in June at Graduation week. If you want to enter make a formal application to the member from your district. You are too late probably for this year, but may get in next year.

P. N., Chicago, asks: "1st. Can you suggest a nice name for an athletic club, none of the members over 16? 2d. Do you think club-swinging is good exercise to increase muscle? 3d. Do you think that swings with rings at the end of the rope are good to exercise on? 4th. I think your paper is the best out. I have dropped all other papers and taken THE YOUNG NEW YORKER, as it is the best paper for sporting news, being equal to the *Clipper*. 5th. Can you tell me a good remedy for sideache, for I cannot run a block without getting the sideache so bad that I have to sit down to regain my breath. 6th. What size of dumb-bells you advise me, a lad of 14, to use?" ANSWERS. 1st. Mercury A. C. would be good, the winged foot of Mercury being proverbial. Ambition A. C. would not be bad, but the Modesty Athletic Club of Chicago would be best. If you do poorly your name would screen you; if you do well it would attract notice. 2d. In moderation, yes. 3d. Excellent for many exercises. 4th. You are a sensible person. 5th. Your sideache comes from defective action of intestines. Keep your bowels open and it will vanish. 6th. Not over 4 lbs. Make your exercises progressive in number, beginning with making your motions five each, rapidly, and increasing them one a day till you reach five hundred motions to each exercise; up, out to arms' length, etc., etc.

BY THE SEA.

BY T. B. CHRYSTAL.

My blue-eyed pet, with golden hair
  Is sitting on my knee,
And gazes eagerly afar,
Across the beach, beyond the bar,
  Where rolls the restless sea.

She puts her little hand in mine,
  And laughs with childish glee,
To see the foaming billows splash,
As on the shore they fiercely dash,
  Then glide back silently.

But while she laughs so merrily,
  My heart is far away;
And, as I look upon the shore,
Where loud and long the breakers roar,
  My sad soul seems to say:

"The sea is like a human life,
  It breaks upon the shore
Of time, with a resistless might,
And, when the goal is just in sight,
  Dies, to return no more.

"And all along the shore of Time,
  Full many a wreck doth lie;
The pangs of many a mad carouse,
Of blasted hopes and broken vows,
  Of happy days gone by."

Yet, while I muse in mournful mood,
  And gaze upon the sea,
My blue-eyed pet with golden hair,
Whose heart has never known a care,
Whose voice is music in the air,
  Still sits upon my knee.

Her head is resting on my breast—
  Her eyes in slumber deep:
The same rough sea, whose breakers roar,
And madly, fiercely lash the shore,
  Has lulled my child to sleep.

Robin Hood,

THE OUTLAWED EARL;

OR,

THE MERRY MEN OF THE GREENWOOD.

A Tale of the Days of the Lion Heart.

BY PROF. STEWART GILDERSLEEVE.

CHAPTER VIII.

BISHOP GILBERT.

BISHOP GILBERT of Hereford mounted his mule and rode slowly out of the village of Loxley toward the Forest of Sherwood, followed by his train. Prince John had sent him his orders to proceed to the chapel of St. Hubert in the heart of the forest; and the bishop could not refuse, though he did not relish the ride. The prince had raised him from the dignity of abbot to that of bishop in a single day, and he had a shrewd notion that if he kept on good terms with the Regent of England, the time might come when he would take the place of the Bishop of Ely as Lord Chancellor of the kingdom.

Therefore, the haughty bishop made him ready to go as soon as he received the summons sent him by the mouth of Reginald the page. He knew that Sherwood Forest was full of robbers, and more than half suspected that his nephew, Robin, had been well received by these outlaws and chosen their leader, but he trusted to the patrols of armed men promised by the new sheriff to make the woods too hot for the people he feared.

The bishop's train was large and well-appointed. He had his steward and chaplain, secretary and almoner, three or four monks of the buttery, and half a dozen lay brothers to lead along the sumpter mules, all heavily loaded with the bishop's trunks and bags. Besides these, there was a little band of some twenty well-armed serving-men, equipped with swords and long staves, steel caps and buckles, so that their master felt pretty secure as he ran his eye over his well-appointed following.

Slowly, and with all the dignity that became his new office, the Bishop of Hereford ambled out of Loxley, scattering his benediction on the little urchins who ran out to flock around his path. Once out of the village and into the forest, he followed the broad white road that led toward Nottingham, till he and his train were deep into the heart of the woodland, out of sight and hearing of aught save the birds. In fact, they were very soon surrounded by almost absolute silence, for the trampling of the mules and clatter of arms frightened away the birds from the vicinity of the road, and left them in solitude. The dust lay thick on the track and rose in white clouds over the train as they passed along, and somehow it came about that the stillness of the woods produced a corresponding stillness in the party. Very soon all of the servants were dead silent, and the monks began to glance in a frightened manner into the leafy screen of woods on each side, as if fearing that something might come out on them. As for Bishop Gilbert, he felt far from easy, but he concealed his fears and rode slowly on, relying on the promise of Prince John and the sheriff.

After several miles of this sort of travel, they came to a side-road, small and grass-grown, where the old and nearly obliterated ruts showed that country carts sometimes went. Under a great oak tree at the opening of this by-road sat a tall, heavy-built monk, industriously reading his breviary, and so busily engaged that he did not notice them as they came up, till the bishop almost rode over him, saying in his stern, disagreeable way:

"What now, brother? Why so earnest? Tell us the way to St. Hubert's chapel."

The big monk looked up and seemed to be stricken with mortal terror at the sight of the bishop in his violet robes, for he jumped up and then fell on his knees, crying: "I have sinned, your holiness. Forgive me and let me have your blessing."

The bishop carelessly extended his hand and pronounced the formula of benediction, after which he repeated his question: "What is the way to St. Hubert's chapel?"

"Holy Father, I'm its unworthy custodian," replied the big friar with a bow and a smirk. "If your eminence will be pleased to follow, I will show you."

"Lead on," said the bishop, not ungraciously, for the title of "eminence" pleased him, showing that this simple country friar took him for a cardinal.

The monk, accordingly, with much solemnity closed his book and placed it in his bosom; and then took up from under the tree a great staff that had anything but a peaceful appearance.

"Why dost thou carry such a staff, brother?" asked the bishop, in a sour tone.

The friar sighed deeply.

"Sinner that I am, your holiness, 'tis but a frail protection against the evil men that inhabit these woods and sometimes seek to disturb me at my devotions before the shrine of St. Hubert."

With these words the burly friar set off down the road at a slow trot, carrying the staff over his shoulder, while the bishop ambled along behind him, thinking principally of his own importance as he went. The monks in his train, not being so high in rank, had less to think about, and began to look decidedly uneasy as they advanced. The little road on which they were, soon ceased to have even the semblance of a track, and became narrower and narrower till it was a mere bridle-path, wandering here, there and everywhere, and seeming to go all around the compass.

Still the Bishop of Hereford did not suspect any harm, till the stout friar in front led the party down into the bed of a swamp, through which the road undulated over quaking ground, and finally disappeared.

Then at last he drew rein and angrily asked: "Where are we going now, brother? Where is this chapel?"

"Marry, on the other side the bog, father," responded the friar, coolly. "'Tis but a few steps further, and we are out of all trouble. Your reverence has to celebrate a wedding to-day, I believe."

"How know'st thou that?" demanded the bishop, sharply, and for the first time looking uneasily round him.

"Oh, the birds and I are old friends," responded Friar Tuck (for it was he) with a chuckle. "They told me all about it and how the Abbot of Fountain Abbey had shorn his nephew, Robin, of all the fleece on his back. Marry, if Robin Hood sees him, the Bishop of Hereford may go home shorn."

"What means all this?" again cried the bishop in a tone of querulous anxiety. "Where am I?"

"In the heart of Sherwood Forest, and close to St. Hubert's chapel," answered the friar, with a laugh.

"Come, master bishop, Robin Hood has sworn thou shalt dance at his wedding to-day. Let us on, for there is no turning back."

"Seize this insolent knave," cried the angry bishop, his face turning ashy pale as he wheeled his mule to flee. "We are betrayed and undone."

As the serving-men ran to obey the order, the burly friar suddenly threw off his brown robe and cowl, making his appearance in a close-fitting suit of dark green, and raised both hands to his mouth, blowing a high shrill whistle of remarkable keenness. As soon as he had done so, he was answered by the baying of hounds, and one might hear the distant rustle of brushwood at the rapid approach of a great pack of dogs, pied in all colors, as they came tearing along, full cry.

Then the burly friar sent his huge staff whirling round his head like a mill-wheel, and instead of waiting for the bishop's servants to attack him he ran at them, dealing such tremendous blows with his mighty weapon that he knocked over the foremost like ninepins, and sent the rest back in a clump, afraid to advance any more. Presently, while they halted, half afraid, up came the dogs, fifty or more in number, baying savagely and enough to frighten any sane man. This capped the climax, for instantly the bishop's servants began to climb the nearest trees, like sensible men. As for the bishop's monks, they were quite bewildered with terror, and soon began to imitate the servants, as best they knew how, making a very ludicrous figure in their long gowns as they shinned up the trunks. At last it happened that when the dogs arrived on the scene they found nothing but the Bishop of Hereford himself, sitting on his mule, very pale, but too proud to show terror, while Friar Tuck was roaring out his stentorian laugh at the sudden scatterment.

"Methinks we had best go on to the chapel now, master bishop," he said coolly, laying his hand on the churchman's bridle. "The hounds will take care of thy men, or I mistake me much."

The bishop made no reply, in the extremity of his mortification, and the jolly friar quietly led away the mule along the boggy path, till they reached higher ground and saw before them the low timber walls and thatched roof of a tiny chapel, buried in the heart of the forest. Here is St. Hubert's, your reverence," observed Friar Tuck. "'Tis but a small place, but then, you know, St. Hubert was a born huntsman, and he can put up with a lodge in the woods. Will it please your eminence to dismount? The wedding train will soon be here."

"I can do nothing without my robes and the acolytes for the service," answered the bishop sullenly. "If these robbers harm me, I will hurl the curse of the church on them."

The big friar laughed again, and pointed behind the bishop. There were all the mules belonging to the party, in a long file, patiently following the bishop without riders or leaders, as mules always will in a caravan, if left alone.

"The dumb beasts have a feeling for the church, father," observed Friar Tuck with a chuckle. "They have brought along your wardrobe, so that the ceremony may lack nothing of dignity. I myself will be your assistant and help you put on your robes, while I can promise you as handsome a lot of boys for acolytes as you ever saw. Come, father, dismount."

"I cannot till I know that my men are safe," responded Bishop Gilbert sullenly.

"Safe! Marry, they are safe enough as long as they keep up their trees," said the jolly friar, with a chuckle. "An they come down too soon, I'll not insure them from my hounds, who are, so to say, hungry this morning. But I'll answer for it, your reverence, the men will *not* come down. Once more, will you not dismount and enter the chapel?"

There was something in the tones of Friar Tuck's voice, as he spoke the last words, that sounded so menacing that the bishop slowly dismounted from his mule before the door of the chapel, which was ornamented with the head of a stag, bearing a gold cross between its antlers, the emblem of the patron saint of the edifice.

As the churchman dismounted, he gazed all round him into the silent woods, and beheld not a living being, save his own men, down in the swamp, surrounded by the hounds, who had couched themselves expectantly under the trees. Friar Tuck observed his glance and said in a tone of peculiar meaning:

"Your reverence is looking for the congregation. It will soon be here, wedding train and all. We expect a prince of the blood to-day. Come in, father."

As he spoke he led the way into the chapel.

CHAPTER IX.

PRINCE JOHN.

PRINCE JOHN of England was up betimes that morning and dressed himself with unusual care, while his face wore an expression of conceited satisfaction that told of his good fortune. Reginald the page had brought him the message from Marian, and the prince was beside himself with joy. He was to ride into the forest, where a page would conduct him to meet *her*, and they would be married at St. Hubert's chapel. To be sure, there was one little obstacle in the way: John had a wife already. In those days, however, the laws of bigamy had little force against princes of the blood, and still less against John, who was regent of all England. All he needed was an accommodating churchman to shut his eyes and perform the ceremony, and for this the new bishop of Hereford was peculiarly well-fitted, from gratitude and interest alike.

Only one thing John would not do, spite of Reginald's hints. He would not countermand the order to send out Sir Roger Warman with all his *posse* to scour the woods. The sheriff of Nottingham had gone away at daybreak, full of his project to raise at least a thousand men and clear the forest of the outlaw earl.

"Nay, nay, sir page," said the prince, when he was told Marian's words. "If she wishes to save the life of her late suitor, she must beg it of me after we are wed, and he is taken. I will celebrate our wedding night by his pardon an she will, but not else. Come, gentlemen, 'tis time we were to horse."

He was about leaving the room when he was arrested by a message, sent from Baron Fitz Walter, in great distress, to beg the assistance of the prince and the sheriff's *posse*.

The Lady Marian Fitz Walter had disappeared from the castle, and even her bower-maidens knew not whither she had gone. Her little Arab horse, a present from a crusading uncle, had been taken from the stable; and that was all that was known of her. She must have gone on horseback.

Prince John took the news very coolly, not to say in a cavalier manner.

"What have I to do with this old man and his daughter?" he asked, sarcastically, of the old steward who brought the tidings. "I cannot be hunting distressed damsels for other men. Let her father rest content. This Lady Marian knows well where she goes, and will come to no harm. If I see her, I will tell her that her father wishes her to return home. Farewell, gentlemen of the castle. Bid Lord Fitz Walter adieu for me. I shall stay no longer, now that the Lady Marian is gone."

So saying, with hardly even the semblance of courtesy for his late host, the dissolute prince rode out of the court-yard, followed by all his train, ordered his baggage sent on to Nottingham, and struck off into the forest almost alone, only three courtiers following him. All wore their richest habits, and were lightly armed, for John anticipated no danger, owing to the patrols that had been ordered into the forest.

This prince was so fond of pleasure as to be quite reckless of results when following it, and his imagination was so much inflamed by the picture of Marian yielding to his advances that he rode rapidly on by the same road that the bishop had followed some hours before, and thought of no danger whatever. He felt sure that the flight of the girl from the castle was to meet *him*, and he made haste to the rendezvous, which was at the same by-road where Friar Tuck met the bishop.

But John saw no burly friar when he arrived at the entrance of the wood-path. A much more pleasing apparition met his eyes, in the shape of the same saucy page who had come to the friar, early that morning, asking to be taken to Robin Hood.

In a moment John's eyes lighted up with pleasure, as he thought that he recognized under the gay dress of the page the slender figure of Marian. He rode up hurriedly, and was about to greet her, when he paused in surprise. The forest page was something like the baron's daughter in the face, but he had glossy black hair and eyebrows, while Marian's curls were of the palest gold. Moreover, there was something in the peculiarly saucy and impudent look of this page that belied the supposition that he could be Marian in disguise.

"Well, gay knight, whither bound?" asked the little saucebox, independently twirling a slender staff in his hand, as he surveyed the prince. "Thou look'st a laggard to thy tryst, to make a lady wait for thee, on thy wedding-day and hers."

"Fair page, I cry you mercy," responded John, in a tone of doubtful gayety. He could not quite make out in his own mind whether the page was Marian or not.

"Will you not ride on my horse before me to the chapel?" he continued. "'Tis ill that one so young and tender should have to walk afoot."

"I mount before no man," said the boy, saucily. "If thou wilt give up thy horse to me and go afoot thyself, I will ride, but not else."

"I will, blithely," responded the prince, leaping from his saddle. "Let me help you up, fair youth."

As he endeavored to touch the little page, still half doubtful, but thinking to determine his doubts, the boy slipped away from him into the woods, where a horse could not follow, and ran off, crying:

"Catch who catch can, is the rule here. If you would have a bride, she must be won, fair sir."

Quite certain now that he was right, John eagerly followed the fast-vanishing boy or girl, as it might prove, into the depths of the wood, so intent on the pursuit that he forgot all about his followers, who, on their part, discreetly remained at the entrance of the wood-road, not to interfere with the pleasures of their master.

John was a strong and active man, but he was no match for the little page before him in fleetness or in knowledge of the ground, and his high living had impaired his wind. Before they had been running ten minutes he was pretty well exhausted and quite out of breath, while the page kept about the same distance before him, apparently without effort. They were in the heart of the dense forest of Sherwood, and not a living being seemed to be near them, for John's followers were long out of sight, when the prince called:

"Stay a moment, sweet Marian. Why flee from me thus? Why should we not go quietly to St. Hubert's chapel together, as beseemeth bridegroom and bride?"

The page halted and allowed the prince to come a little closer, when he said, warningly:

"No nigher, or 'twill be the worse for thee."

But John, trusting that all this previous resistance had been mere coyness, moved on despite the warning, till nearly close enough to clasp the slender figure of the disguised girl, for Marian it was indeed.

He never was destined to place his arm quite around her. Just as his foot pressed the moss by hers, he felt a strong hand on his own shoulder, and found himself jerked back, with more force than ceremony, to be confronted by a tall, strapping young fellow, in bright scarlet clothes, who cried:

"How now, Jack o' the town? Leave the boy alone. He is one of us, now."

Where the youth in scarlet had sprung from, seemed to John a mystery; but, a moment later, six more tall fellows in green leaped out from behind the trunks of trees and surrounded the prince, menacingly twirling their big staves in a suggestive manner.

[TO BE CONTINUED—COMMENCED IN NO. 21.]

The Circus Business.

THE circus business has decidedly waned from what it was twenty years ago, and for the coming season the traveling concerns will be very few compared with former times. Many of the names once familiar on the flaming bills are not seen now in connection with circuses. Dr. Spaulding is living on his money in Saugerties, N. Y. Yankee Robinson is an actor in Western theaters. Ben Maginley, Tony Pastor, and Frank Pastor, formerly clowns, are also on the theatrical stage. Andrew Haight, once owner of the Great Eastern Circus, is keeping a hotel in Chicago. Of other proprietors, Joseph Cushing is farming in New Hampshire, J. M. Nixon is managing a theater in Chicago, Montgomery Queen is interested in Brooklyn street railroads, Levi North is also living in Brooklyn, W. J. Metchear keeps a hotel in Providence, George K. Goodwin runs two theaters and a dollar store in Philadelphia, Eaton and Daniel Stone are farming in New Jersey, R. E. J. Miles owns a Cincinnati theater, Burr Robbins is lecturing in the West on temperance, and the Cooper of Cooper & Bailey keeps a horse mart in Philadelphia; Dan Rice, after many ups and downs, is building a floating theater to run on the Mississippi. Barnum, Forepaugh, Robinson, and Lent are about the only old proprietors still in the business.

THE FAIR TAMBOURINIST.

With feet half-naked and bare,
  With dress all tattered and torn;
With a penny here, and mockery there,
  And flood of derision and scorn:
She wanders the street, wherever her feet,
  Weary or willing are borne;
With an eye as bright and cheek as fair,
  As the earliest blush of the morn.

Wandering up and down,
  And driven from door to door,
A jest for every idle clown
  And a butt for every boor;
While the velvet-slippered, in satin and lace,
  Go rustling by her side,
With a chilling look and averted face,
  And a lip all curled with pride.

So beautiful—yet so frail;
  So willing, and yet so weak;
Oh, what if the heart *should* fail
  And a heavenly purpose break,
And the dens and kennels of vice
  Another poor victim should hold!
A celestial spark be quenched in the dark
  And an angel be bartered for gold?

No wonder the heart should fail,
  And a heavenly purpose fade;
The eye grow dim, and the cheek grow pale,
  When none stand ready to aid!
No wonder the lairs and cradles of sin
  So many poor victims should hold,
While the good are content to worship their
  God,
  And the rich to worship their gold.

Move patiently on, oh earth!
  'Till Mercy's wandering dove
Shall fly to the rosy realm of its birth,
  And rest in the bosom of love.
Move patiently on, 'till the Crucified
  Shall gather his radiant crown
From the lowly flowers and bleeding hearts
  That the world has trampled down!

The Specter Rider;

A Tale of the Mexican Table-Land.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER V.

A GALLOP FOR LIFE.

BY the first dawning of light we were afoot, had saddled our horses, and were about mounting them, when Greenleaf, glancing southward over the plain, yet another time startled me with one of his abrupt ejaculations:

"Scissors! See yonner! Them's Injuns now, sure as shootin'!"

There was a cloud of dust over the southern extremity of the plain, arid at that end, and beneath this, a bare line of blackish forms, which only the practiced eye of a prairieman could tell to be men on horseback. Bringing the binocular to bear on them, I saw they were advancing at a rapid rate, and besides, what the guide had not yet noticed, that in front of the fast-moving phalanx—a long way ahead of it—rode a single horseman clothed in scarlet. Greenleaf now saw him too, exclaiming:

"Don Giberto! An' pursued by a party o' red-skins!"

It was so, I felt sure of it, and made no response, but kept watching the chase with heart audibly beating.

When we first sighted them at least a league and a half lay between the pursued and his pursuers, and Greenleaf cried, encouragingly:

"Ye needn't be afeerd for him, Cap; he ain't in the slightest danger. That hoss o' hisn will be cl'ar out o' the plain 'fore the Injuns git half-ways acrosst it. You'll see."

But I did not see that. On the contrary, I saw that the pursued horseman instead of gaining upon his pursuers was losing ground. Gradually, yet so perceptibly, that the four miles and a half space between soon became lessened to little over three. The guide now also noted the shorter, and still shortening interval, as he did so saying:

"Strange it air! This chile don't comprehend that, no-how-somediver. The black hoss must 'a' had some mischance, else he w'u'dn't be laborin' along that way."

While he was speaking the chased horseman approached the clump of timber, evidently making to reach it. But what could it avail him? If there seeking concealment, it would not serve him for five minutes. The crowd behind would quarter it in as many seconds. Why, then, was he riding for it?

"May be," suggested Greenleaf, "his hoss wants water, an' he thinks after gittin' it he'll show better speed. 'Tain't likely, hows'ver. I'm sartin some accydent must 'a' happened that 'ere anymal."

By this the pursued had got close to the copse, the pursuers—whom I could now see with sufficient distinctness to say for sure they were Indians—being still about three miles behind. They were not going at any great speed, their horses evidently laboring after the long gallop; still were they gaining upon him as he reached the grove, rushing into it.

How long would he stay there? With eager eyes, our hearts pulsing painfully, we watched for his coming out again. Five minutes passed—enough for the horse to drink his fill; six—seven—and still no signs of him—all the while the dark cohort closing nearer and nearer! Had he sought the shelter of the trees, to stand at bay, and sell his life at its dearest? Or, there despairingly to die? Or, had his horse after drinking dropped dead under him?

"Hurra! he's out again!" cried my companion, as the bit of red and black reappeared on the other side of the copse, and went gliding along the trail for Las Cruces. "We'll see, now, if the drink 's done his critter any good," he added. Then, in silence, we both stood watching.

We had hopes his pursuers would be delayed beating up the cover, believing him still in it. But, no; they were straggled out, with a wide front; and those on the outer flanks descried the red cloak before its wearer was three hundred yards beyond the copse. Therefore, they did not enter it at all; but, passing it, pressed on. It was again a simple question of equine speed, and certainly that of the black horse seemed improved by the drink given him. But I observed that he was running in a strange, irregular way, at intervals bounding about as though lashed by a whip or sharply spurred. Yet through the glass I could detect no motions made by his rider, while the bridle-rein, instead of being held in his hands, dangled down upon the horse's neck. I wondered at all this, as did my companion when told of it—for with the naked eye he could not distinguish so minutely.

Even then our wonder had not reached its climax, though it soon after came to it. The pursued horseman was again losing ground, his pursuers in a like degree gaining on him; till at length the savages, waving their weapons aloft, made a dash forward, a dozen or more closing up behind and alongside of him. I expected to see the red manga go down upon the grass, a dead body underneath it.

But no! What are they doing now?

"Ay, what?" echoed Greenleaf, astonished as myself at seeing the Indians come to an abrupt halt, then drawing back as though at the command of him they had been in chase of, he keeping on as ever! Nor did they again renew the chase; instead, after gathering together in a clump, and for some seconds gesticulating excitedly, they turned their horses' heads and rode back upon their trail, slowly, as in a funeral procession!

This time they entered the copse, probably to water their horses, and, soon going out again, continued on toward the quarter whence they had come. We watched them till their forms became indistinct against the dark background of the *sierra*, which shut in the plain on its southern end; the red garment having long before gone out of our sight at the opposite.

"By the jumpin' Geehosophat!" ejaculated Greenleaf, as we were mounting to make home. "This chile hez see'd a cl'ar quarter cent'ry o' puraira an' mountain life; been all over the Rockys, from Oregon down to Quawheely hyar; but a myst'ry sech as this'n he niver met afore. Ef I wa'n't dead sure o' him in the red wrap bein' young Navarro, I'd say 'twar the Devil hisself, and that he'd kum out o' this 'Chanted Hill. For, 'chanted it 'pear to be, Cap; an' the sooner we're off o' it the safer our sculps."

CHAPTER VI.

THE FIESTA DE LA NATIVIDAD.

WE got back to Las Cruces early in the afternoon, to find the *fiesta* in full tide of activity. "Bull-tailing," "running the cock," feats of horsemanship, and other like national sports were being indulged in on a level plain close to the *casa grande*, where a grand canopy had been erected, festooned with evergreens and flowers. For, although it was Christmas day, Coahuila is within the region of palms, and the air was mild as that of a Northern spring. There was a large concourse of people—in short, nearly all who dwelt within twenty miles—*vaqueros, rancheros*, and the like, with a sprinkling of the higher class of *haciendados;* while the feminine element was represented by brown-skinned damsels, bedecked in their best finery; some of them, in truth, very bewitching. The air was sonorous with music, the tinkling of guitar and *jarana* mingling with merry voices, song, jest and laughter.

Our coming cast a damper on all this. For, soon as we arrived, the *tigrero* communicated to his chums of the establishment something of what we had seen from the Cerro Encantado, and that there were "*Indios bravos*," on the outer plain. It was like a bombshell pitched into the middle of a crowded camp, and the screams and scattering were something ludicrous to see and hear. For there is no part of the Rio Grande region where the cry "Los Indios!" does not create dismay. We were ourselves greatly surprised at finding we were the first to bring news of them. Where was Don Giberto? That was the question I would have asked, had it not been put to myself by a sweet feminine voice, in tones that trembled.

"Oh, Señor Capitan! Have you seen anything of him?"

It was Doña Beatriz who interrogated, coming up to me as I slipped out of my saddle, and gazing anxiously in my face.

"Seen anything of whom, señorita?" I asked in astonishment; for I knew she meant Navarro, whom I supposed to have long since reported himself.

"Don Giberto!" she answered, hesitatingly and in a whisper, as the carmine came to her cheeks. "They have told me you saw Indians, and he—"

Her speech was interrupted by a horseman, who came up at a gallop, and riding around was inquiring for Don Antonio Navarro. This was Giberto's father, who was present at the *fiesta*, while the man on horseback was one of his *vaqueros*. Master and servant were soon face to face, engaged in an animated dialogue. As they were close to where I stood, with the young lady by my side, we heard every word of it.

"S'ñor Don Antonio," said the man, speaking hurriedly, "your son's horse has come home."

"Well, what of that? my son is with him, I presume?"

"Alas, no! s'ñor; the horse came of himself."

"Of himself! What do you mean, *hombre?* How?"

"Ah! how? That's just it, s'ñor. The saddle was on the horse, and the bridle too—broken, and trailing among his feet. But no Don Giberto. *Valga me Dios*, no!"

"*Valga me Dios!*" exclaimed the affrighted father, echoing his vaquero's words. "What can have happened him?"

"Some mischance, I fear, s'ñor, if not a sad misfortune. The horse has had a wound. There's the mark of a bullet just under his ear, with blood all over his neck, and—"

I did not hear what was said in continuance. Don Dyonisio's daughter had swooned away in my arms; and, amidst shrieks and plaintive ejaculations from the women, who came clustering around, I carried her inside the house.

The mystery of the morning, which had now become known to all, was as yet no clearer to me, nor to my late guide, Greenleaf. Instead, more confused and unintelligible. We had seen the missing man safe away from the pursuing savages, and on the straight track for home. What had hindered him from reaching it? And where was he now? Two questions that between ourselves Greenleaf and I vainly endeavored to find answer for. We had made known to Don Dyonisio all of what we had seen, not omitting the hoof-prints in the sand-drift, pronounced by the *tigrero* to be those of the mayor-domo's horse—that usually ridden by him. He, too, was missing, or rather absent; but with Don Dyonisio's knowledge, and an understanding he would not likely be back before night. As it was not yet night, his return in due time might reasonably be expected, and his kinsman seemed but little uneasy about him.

Night came, however, but not he—nor any tidings of him. No more were there any of Don Giberto; for all the while mounted messengers kept coming and going between the two houses, the elder Navarro, in his anxiety, having left Las Cruces and gone home. The festive sports had been brought to an abrupt termination, the people scattering off as the daylight departed. No fandango for that night; no dancing in the *sala grande* of Las Cruces; and a sad, somber Christmas it promised to turn out.

For none sadder than the beautiful Beatriz—ah! for none half so sad. She had recovered from her faintings; and, after her father's guests had taken their departure, went wandering about, seeming half distraught, inquiring from every one she met if there were news of Don Giberto.

Poor girl! I pitied her; for I knew how she loved, and now felt almost sure she had lost him. Though a stranger guest, under the circumstances I could not expect to receive any assiduous attention. Everything was awry, and as it grew later, with no word of either of the absentees, I observed that Don Dyonisio became strangely agitated — almost as much as his daughter. To avoid at this time intruding upon him, I strolled up to the *azotea;* and, having lit a cigar, stood looking out over the *llano*, which extended for miles upon miles on every side of the house. There was a full moon high up in the heavens, and her like light silvering the leaves and limbs of the cactus plants, *palmillas*, and other rigid forms of vegetation, imparted to them a weird, unearthly aspect. As I continued to gaze at them, a soft footstep coming behind caught my ear, and, turning,

I beheld Doña Beatriz. During the afternoon and evening I had observed her repeatedly, and at short intervals, ascending to the house-top, and, with anxious eyes, making survey of the surrounding plain. Of course, I knew why, and supposed she was now on the same errand. Something more, however, was in her mind; for, gliding up to me and taking hold of my arm, with a look and accent of earnest appeal, she said:

"Oh, Señor Capitan! You are a soldier—a brave soldier, my father says; and your servant is one also. Will you go in search of Don Giberto? Our *tigrero*, your countryman, will accompany you, and all our *vaqueros*. Don Antonio is sending out a party, but you Americanos are *muy valientes*. If you would lead them— Say you will, señor!"

"Yes, señorita," I answered without hesitation. I could give consent all the more readily that I myself felt distressed about the poor fellow's fate, believing him dead. Besides, I had thought of doing the very thing proposed.

Just then, while she was in the act of pouring out her gratitude, by a side glance I saw something glitter afar off on the plain; and, looking directly at it, I could tell it to be in motion. Scanning it still more narrowly, I made out what appeared to be a horse, with a man upon his back; the steel bit, and silver ornaments on the head-straps of the bridle, causing the sparkle which had attracted me. Doña Beatriz saw him too; and for some seconds we both stood silently, almost breathlessly, regarding him. For now we were sure of its being a horseman, as also that he was approaching the house. He was advancing slowly, at a walk; but just then a mustang shut up in one of the *corrals* near by, gave out a shrill neigh, to which the horse approaching neighed in response, and then came on at a quick trot, making direct for the house. Soon he was near enough for us to distinguish horse from rider, and see how the latter was dressed. Over his shoulders was a *manga*, which under the white shimmering of the moonbeams showed *scarlet!*

"*Madre de Dios!*" exclaimed she by my side. "It's Don Giberto!"

She stayed on the house-top not an instant longer; but, gliding off, rushed down the *escalera*, and on through the *zaguan*. As I looked over the parapet she was standing just outside the great gateway; the horseman also there halted, and face to face with her. Then from her lips came a cry, strangely intoned—far different from any ejaculation of joy. Instead, a shriek, after giving which she turned, and seemed to totter back into the house!

I had no need to inquire the cause of her seemingly strange behavior. The horse, frighted by her cry, had swerved round, bringing the face of his rider full under the moonlight. Under my eyes as well, so that I saw it almost as distinctly as if by day. But it was not the face of Don Giberto Navarro; instead that of Don Manuel Quiroja; and he not living, but dead!

I ran down from the roof and out, to find that several of the domestics had preceded me, surrounded, and caught the horse. They were all gazing aghast at the form—a dead body—stark and stiff, seated rigid and erect in the saddle—tied, as we soon discovered—looking more like specter than man!

To me the sight was suggestive, a flood of light flashing upon me as I contemplated it. It explained away much that had mystified me, but not all. This was the thing which had been chased by the Indians, and no wonder their permitting it to escape. With those sightless eyes glaring, it had terrified them.

So much I could comprehend; but there was more remaining incomprehensible. For the scarlet manga covering the shoulders of the corpse was undoubtedly that of Don Giberto Navarro. The servants, identifying it, said so. And where was Don Giberto himself? Dead too; I had not a doubt of it.

Fortunately, I was mistaken, and never more pleased at finding myself so. While we were still in the act of removing the dead mayor-domo from his horse—his own it was—the trample of many hoofs warned us of the approach of mounted men. I took it to be the party organized by Don Antonio starting out to search for his son. They would come by Las Cruces to pick up our detachment. And this party, in a sense, it proved to be, with Don Antonio himself at its head. But not going in quest of his son—neither him, nor his dead body. They had no need. To my surprise—a pleasant one—I saw they had not; for there, riding by the side of his father, was the veritable Don Giberto himself, living and likely to live!

On his reappearance at Las Cruces there was no marked demonstration of joy on the part of Don Dyonisio, though his daughter could not restrain herself from expressing it in wildest words. Navarro and his son at once became closeted with the ganadero, in a conference that lasted long. But to the outside world they vouchsafed no explanation of the strange events that had occurred. The circumstances were too serious and solemn, affecting family honor.

For all, they at length leaked out; but, indeed, neither I nor my late guide, Greenleaf, had any difficulty in arriving at an *éclaircissement* of the whole affair. It *was* Don Manuel's horse-track we had observed in the sand-drift; Don Manuel himself being at that same moment lying in ambush in the timber island, with design to do what he had been so near doing on the night before—assassinate his rival. And it was Don Giberto we saw riding across the plain, late from being delayed by some matter at home. Unsuspiciously entering among the trees, a bullet aimed at his breast had hit the head of his horse, thrown suddenly up, causing the animal to plunge violently, fling its rider, and then gallop off on the return trail. But it did not go back to the grove, as Greenleaf and I had supposed; for that we saw ridden out on the other side was the horse of the mayor-domo—a black also—which had been tied to a tree beside its ambushed owner. It was not its owner we then saw upon its back; instead, he was lying dead among the evergreens, where he had hoped to lay Navarro. He had fired two shots at him, both failing to hit; the third—we saw the smokes of three—being from the pistol of Don Giberto, and fatal. The chase of the latter by the Indians was of easier understanding, though his escape from them may need clearing up. Returning from San Geronimo, he had been sighted by the savages—Lipanos they were—afar off, and they had started in pursuit of him. Aware that he was riding for his life, and, soon discovering that the animal he bestrode could not cope in speed with those of his pursuers, he bethought him of a *ruse*. He knew that the dead body he had left behind in the copse would, by that time, be stiff enough for his purpose; which was to tie it in the saddle, fling his cloak over it, and set the horse adrift. All of this had he done, also attaching a cactus-branch to the animal's tail, the spines of which, pricking it, caused that wild gallop that seemed so strange to me. And, while the Indians were still chasing his decoy, he had slipped out of the copse, crept along the creek, and concealed himself among some bushes that grew upon its banks, soon to see the discomfited redskins on return, without being himself seen. For they had no suspicion that there were two white men upon the plain. After they had got well past him, he had forsaken his place of concealment, and afoot made his way home; as both the horses had done at different times, that carrying the corpse latest, in all likelihood from getting astray upon the trail.

It was a clever conception on the part of the young Mexican, and cleverly executed, proving him, as Greenleaf had told me, an experienced plainsman. Beyond doubt was it the saving of his life, and, it might be, that of another, his sweetheart. Happy lives both ought to be, and surely were, when about twelve months after the two became one, by means of a marriage ceremony, to which I had the honor of an invitation, with the pleasure of accepting it.

THE END.

Loyal Sons of America.

NOTICE.—As each officer of the Cabinet Council has his particular duty to attend to, all correspondence should be addressed to its proper department, *with stamp* for reply, care Secretary of State. All communications and questions relating to the order to G. H. Beuerman, Secretary of State; in regard to military, Thos. B. Usher, Instructor-General; in reference to the "grand celebration," the entertainments, and instruction to procure gymnasium and library, Horace S. Keller, Vice-President, all at 17 Bond street.

Our Objects.

THE following ADDRESS was delivered in Columbian Wigwam, Florence Building, cor. 2d av. and First st., N. Y. city, Thursday evening April 17th, by MR. CHARLES D. HAINES, President of the Loyal Sons of America, explaining the objects of the order, in open meeting, to the Press of New York. Mr. Haines said:

FELLOW BOYS, AND FELLOW CITIZENS:

As the time has come when it seems proper for us to make known to our countrymen—with a publicity we have hitherto avoided—the history and objects of the Loyal Sons of America, it has fallen to my lot to represent them this evening, in a brief and unpretending address. I bespeak the charity of older and wiser listeners for one who is now speaking to a promiscuous audience for the first time. Of course, when only boys are together, they never ask charity, and I am sorry to say, seldom grant it. But, you know how all this is yourselves.

I.—OUR ORIGIN AND HISTORY. Our birthplace was in an obscure village among the Catskill Mountains, some twenty miles west of the Hudson river. There, eight school-boys, averaging about fourteen, met one pleasant day—the 9th of June, 1871—and formed a League of friendship, loyalty, and honor. We began, by degrees, to get into communication with other boys in other places, and with resolute purpose and sealed lips, our Order spread from town to town, and city to city, and State to State, until on the seventh anniversary—June 9th, 1878—the Cabinet Council of the Order held its first National Convention in New York, when we first made known our existence to the world, and resolved to admit all boys of American birth, of spotless character, and of the acquired age to our ranks and fellowship. On that occasion, when the Cabinet Council was addressed by Frederick H. Kingsley, one of the Original Eight, and now Secretary of Finance of our Boys' Republic—in reviewing the years of our brief life—used these noble and memorable words:

"In all these years, our eight school-boys have kept their faith and plight of loyalty, trust and fidelity, until now they are represented, not meagerly, in many of our States. I told you on that day when first we met in that little vacated log-cabin, that I would make the cause the sacred aim of my life." Since that last anniversary our Order has spread through every State of the Union, from the cold rivers of Maine to the fragrant orange groves of Florida, and from the stormy coasts of the Atlantic, to the golden shores of the Pacific.

II.—OUR OBJECTS. We eight *youngsters*, (as a matter of course, but if it were a fault, we are fast atoning for it,) had wise and good parents, and they had sent us to school—all blessings on the common school system of New York—and double benedictions on the heads of those fathers and mothers, most of whom are still living, as, thank God, most all of us are.

We had begun to read, and observe, and do some thinking. In our reading, confirmed by observation, we learned how the vicious turned out bad, and the good turned out well. How the shiftless and idle never prospered, and the careful and industrious seldom came to want. How the sober and frugal lived with comfort and died in peaceful homes, while the drunkard and the unprincipled filled paupers' graves. How love of country exalted character; how to have thoroughly learned a trade, secured independence; how ignorance was a poor key to unlock the gates of fortune; and perhaps, above all, how unbending integrity, stainless honor, simple truth, reverence to God, and sympathy with the brotherhood of man, would build up the boy into the noblest manhood; how men thus built up would make good citizens, take care of the school district, the country, the State; and if the Federal Union should ever be in danger, how such men would come to the rescue, unsheathing sharp swords, and throwing away scabbards, till the last foe had licked the dust.

Such were some of the things we began to think of and talk about; and we used to read of the late dreadful war whose thunders had been rolling so unheeded over our baby cribs and cradles; and we used, very often, I suppose, to get up quite a martial and patriotic spirit, and indulge in a fearful excitement generally. But "nobody was hurt," and we kept the secrets of the old log-cabin very close. Ah! that old cabin! It was our first Wigwam. Around it, as to a family roof-tree, a thousand or more of the Loyal Sons of America will gather, on the next Fourth of July, for counsel and congratulation under our President; for a thorough military drill under our General commanding, and Instructor-General, and afterward return to our homes in every part of the Union, enlightened, refreshed and invigorated for the battle of life.

All this may seem a mimic comedy—a Lilliputian pantomime. But had we not better let the comedy precede the tragedy—and the sham-battle go before the bloody engagement? Can we begin too early to teach the young how to grow older right? Why, among our easy lessons we used to spell out, "As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

Had you not better look to the planting of the acorn and the training of the shoot which will make the timbers of the ship of State that the workmen will build to weather the storms of the future? Even in those morning twilight hours of life, we could not repress these yearnings to get ready for the field of struggle where all the good was to be done and all the honors were to be achieved. Nor have we yet seen any cause to regret it. Of this we are doubly sure: If we have done anything worthy, it has been more worthily done, or it would not have been done at all, and what we have done wrong would have been done worse.

Nor did we set ourselves up as models of perfection, nor pass scornfully, or heartlessly by poorer, wayward or more ignorant boys. We looked on them only as neglected, more sorely tempted, or in some way less fortunate than ourselves. Our duty was clear. We had read of jewels lost in the mire, and found and washed till they glistened on the eye of the finder, and afterward flashed from the bosom of beauty. To the rescue! Here's a hand, my fainting brother—come and make one noble effort; you may yet take hope. Longfellow's Psalm of Life helped us very much. Such are some of the words of cheer which we keep sending along the lines—and from the far distance, they send back cheer for cheer.

IV.—OUR MODEST MEANS OF ACTION. Our machinery was very simple in the beginning, nor have we seen any occasion materially to change it. We have only had to expand and mature it as our ranks were swollen by new recruits, and our lines extended. We have thus far never deviated from the following *principles*, and we trust that neither we nor our successors ever may:

1. We can admit to membership no one who is not of American birth.

2. He must come with an irreproachable character.

3. He must be not less than 16, nor more than 25 years of age.

With his wealth or poverty, his ancestry, education, politics or religious creed, we have nothing to do. It is, of course, clearly understood, that no one will expect to join us who is not sincerely patriotic, and who will not prove loyal to the Republic so long as he lives under its protection. Once admitted to our inclosure and confidence, he will understand that in all his relations with us, and with all men, his conduct must be strictly controlled by principles of integrity, truth, loyalty and honor. These are the four pillars which sustain our temple, which we aim to embellish with every virtue and grace that adorns civilized life.

4. Our main object being to prepare ourselves to become good and useful citizens of the Republic, we cultivate a knowledge of the use of arms, and subject ourselves to military drill and discipline which will, without expense to the State, qualify us to become a national guard always ready for its protection from domestic and foreign enemies. Nor do we design by this to inculcate a mere military spirit. The history and example of our Revolutionary fathers first taught us that no free government can ever be established or defended without martial valor and training. Quaker guns may do very well in "piping times of peace," but when "grim war lifts his wrinkled front," we must come to long-range rifles and breech-loading cannon. Every able-bodied American citizen should know something of the proper use of fire-arms, the thorough, careful drill, the symmetrical march, the exacting discipline, the life of the camp—even if it be but a day in the year—and the upright, gentlemanly bearing of the soldier. There is health, development of muscle, manhood, usefulness, grace, patriotism and many other good things in all this.

5. We aim at the cultivation of a broad National sentiment. Sectionalism has no right to any place *on* the soil of this country, or *under* it, except in a grave that shall know no resurrection. Our boys have learned enough of the curses which sectionalism brought upon the whole of our nation, to abhor it. Among the earliest of the memories of thousands of us, was going with mothers or elder sisters dressed in mourning, to newly-made graves of the victims of that dreadful contest. Those sights still haunt us in our dreams. So say our young brothers in every Southern, as well as every Northern, State. We feel when we read of those slaughter days as the Pagan prince did when for the first time he heard from the lips of the great missionary to Gaul, of the crucifixion of the Savior: "If I had been there with my brave Franks they never would have done it." It is not one of the least joyous of our hopes, nor one of the least earnest of our purposes, that the Loyal Sons of America shall close that still yawning chasm—which bad men are determined yet to keep open—and cover even its scarred vestiges with the mold of oblivion. Thus only can the rising generation atone for the miseries and misfortunes of the past. Rapidly are they passing away—just as rapidly are we coming forward. God guide us.

6. We hope, too, that we may, partially, at least, be kept from falling under the blighting slavery of a spirit so bigoted—as, history tells us, has so often prevailed, and we fear is again rising—which will give up to party what was made for mankind. Let all honest convictions be enforced, with candor and courage in every field of debate. But let us intelligently inquire first what is best for the *whole country*.

7. We hope also that we may escape, in some measure, that unpatriotic and unfilial desire of having the old mother country support her children instead of their supporting her. To our youthful and perhaps untrained eyes, this looks somewhat contemptible, we should call it *mean* in a hale and hearty young fellow, to louch down for support on a poor old mother, staggering with debt and robbed by thieves, instead of going to work to earn an honest living. During the war, an old friend of a Cabinet officer called on him with his son, and, finding the boy had enlisted in the ranks, at once offered him a splendid civil commission. "No, thanks, Mr. Secretary," replied the boy. "I was brought up to support the Republic, and not to have the Republic support me." The old Secretary stared at the youngster with amazement, and turning to his father, remarked: "That's the first time I've heard any such talk in this town." We should like a million such recruits in our young army. We fear that this hankering for office is a very bad sign. A young fellow up the Hudson went home after a late visit to New York, and rushing into the house, exclaimed: "Father, I've got a place in the custom-house!" "If that be so, John," replied the veteran patriot, "good-by! If you have sunk so low as that, we shall never see you rise again." No! The Loyal Sons of America will become the supporters, not the pensioners of the Government. The true citizen should ask nothing from his Republic but protection; for that great boon she has the right to claim his all.

V.—THE GROUNDS OF OUR HOPES OF SUCCESS.—They seemed to our youthful apprehension strong enough to justify the attempt, and the result having far exceeded our most sanguine expectations, we rest with firmer confidence on a judgment which has been matured by experience. If our first feeble steps were on the right road, and at every stage of our progress we were met with the warmest greetings by the bravest and best boys of the country—and all this only by cautious lips in private ears, or through confidential messages—we grew so fast and spread so far, why may we not look forward to a future of great usefulness to our country? May not some good be augured from an order, even if it should never exceed 100,000 young men, resolutely banded together to organize enlightened, loyal and high-toned citizenship? It took only fifty-six men in old Independence Hall to organize Liberty! You say: "But they were *men*." So shall we be; and they were boys once, as we are now; and they started right, as we trust we have; and are we not starting under even fairer auspices? For we have the priceless legacy of their principles and the glorious inspiration of their example. Theirs was the herculean labor of creation—ours the easier one of preservation. And if we *are* small, can we not see further than those giants if we stand on their shoulders? Especially some day, when as many winter snows shall have whitened our heads! Let us learn from them the great lesson of how to take care of the heritage they left us!

To do this most effectively we have settled on this plan: for our preparation to become good citizens.

1st. It shall be, as it has been, to study their record, and learn how they laid the foundations of our liberty. We want to know what the original architects meant.

2d. How they raised the superstructure of the Republic which has, in spite of all dissensions and oppositions—enemies abroad, and assaults at home—outlived every attack, till we feel, and all the Nations of the world feel, that we are the safest system of government on earth.

Note.

IN consequence of the great pressure of matter on our columns, we are forced to omit the Loyal Sons' notes for this week.

Sports and Pastimes.

Old-Fashioned Base-ball.

THERE are probably remote portions of the country where there is still some amusement in a game of base-ball—where the rustic inhabitants have not yet learned how awfully scientific the game has become. There, when the striker hits the ball a good, reliable whack he runs for all he is worth. When the other fellow gets the ball he doesn't place it quietly on the base, but he hurls it with unerring precision at the runner and knocks two dollars' worth of breath out of his body. The runner is then out. He generally goes and lies down on the grass to think over matters, and rub the spot where the ball hit. But balls in those days were not the globular bricks they are now. Any boy with a little ingenuity and an old stocking could make a ball. A piece of cork or a bit of rubber to make it bounce did to start on. Then the old stocking was raveled and the yarn wound on this rubber basis until the ball reached the proper proportions, when it was covered with leather. The boy who owned a nice, soft, covered ball, was a king among his kind. Next to him came the boy with a good bat. The principal official in the old style of base-ball was the fellow who sat on the top rail of the fence and kept tally. He cut the notches for one party on one edge of a shingle, and for the other party on the other edge. Sometimes a good tallyer would do more for his favorite side than its best batsman. There were no umpires in those days for both captains to quarrel with. When the two captains were ready to choose sides one tossed a ball club to the other and they went hand over hand to the top; the last hand that held the club had the first choice of players. Sometimes a boy would insist that his hand was last, while it projected over the end of the bat. This was settled by another boy striking with another bat the end of the choosing bat. If the last hand could stand the strokes it was all right, but if the hand projected a little too high it was generally withdrawn after the first blow. Those were the days when base-ball was not composed of four parts science to one of fun.—*Trojan Observer.*

The California League.

THE nines and colors of the California League are thus given by the *Pacific Life:*

Athletic, (white and blue.)—Cullen, c.; G. Crawford, p.; Daniels, 1st b.; Keating, 2d b.; Hamilton, 3d b.; Corpstien, s. s.; Anger, l. f.; Burton, c. f.; J. Williams, r. f.

Mutual, (white and red.)—J. Sweeney, c.; Neal, p.; Stewart, 1st b.; Munson, 2d b.; Benton, 3d b.; Smith, s. s.; Beck, l. f.; Hewston, c. f.; McQuade, r. f.

California, (white and brown.)—O'Brien, c.; Sweeney, p.; Graham, 1st b.; Mangendie, 2d b.; Blakiston, 2d b.; McKenna, s. s.; Rice, c. f.; French, l. f.; Buffington, r. f.

Oakland, (white and red.)—Piercy, c.; Mast, p.; Farrell, 1st b.; Barnes, 2d b.; Ellis, 3d b.; Slater, s. s.; Andrews, l. f.; Lacy, c. f.; Sidney, r. f.

The Athletics have made only three changes in their nine of last year, viz., Corpstien, short-stop; John Williams, right-field and Keating, second-base; the only new man they have is Corpstien. He played in the Mutuals of San José last year.

The Californias have four new players. O'Brien, Sweeney and McKenna are Philadelphians. Graham is a St. Louis player.

The Mutuals are a new club, but all their nine are well known in base-ball circles, except Hewston and Sweeney. The former is a "dark horse," and it is hinted that he will occupy the pitcher's position, if Neal gets batted much. Sweeney is the introducer of the catcher's mask on the Pacific slope.

The Oaklands are also a new organization. Mast, their pitcher, was formerly of the Sacramento Club, and has the reputation of being the swiftest in the State.

The Brooklyn Team Game.

THE first test game to decide the *personale* of the Brooklyn team for 1879, was played at the Union Grounds, April 14th, and was a great triumph for Crane on the first-base. The score was as follows:

CRAMER'S SIDE.	R.	1B.	O.	A.	E.	THOMPSON'S SIDE.	R.	1B.	O.	A.	E.
Cramer, c.	0	1	9	0	1	Thompson, c.	0	0	7	3	2
Gormley, p.	0	1	0	1	1	O'Neil, p.	0	2	0	1	0
McCabe, 1b.	0	1	8	0	0	Crane, 1b.	0	0	12	0	0
Hays, 2b.	0	1	2	1	1	Schaffer, 2b.	0	0	3	4	0
Butts, 3b.	0	0	0	3	2	Kessler, 3d.	0	1	1	1	0
Brown, s.s.	0	0	4	5	0	Knodell, s.s.	0	0	1	4	1
Lawler, l.f.	2	2	3	0	0	Barrett, l.f.	0	2	1	0	0
McKee, c.f.	1	1	0	0	0	Holdsw'h, c.f.	0	0	1	0	2
Rowan, r.f.	0	2	1	0	0	Anderson, r.f.	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	3	9	27	10	5	Totals	0	5	27	13	5

The second and last test game was played on the 16th, and was still better as regards errors. This score was:

THOMPSON'S SIDE.	R.	1B.	O.	A.	E.	MARSLAND'S SIDE.	R.	1B.	O.	A.	E.
Thompson, c.	0	1	3	4	0	Marsland, c.f.	1	0	1	0	1
Schenck, p.	0	3	0	4	0	Gormby, p.	0	1	0	0	0
McCabe, 1b.	0	0	19	0	2	Crane, 1b.	0	0	16	2	0
Schaffer, 2b	0	1	2	8	2	Fleet, 2b.	0	0	0	2	0
Kessler, 3b.	1	2	2	0	0	Troy, s.s.	1	2	1	5	0
Knodell, s.s.	1	0	0	2	0	Hays, c.	0	1	3	3	1
Barrett, l. f.	2	1	1	0	0	Taylor, l.f.	0	0	2	0	0
Anderson, cf.	0	2	0	0	1	Booth, r. f.	2	1	3	1	0
Cramer, r.f.	0	1	0	0	0	Curren, 3b.	1	2	1	2	0
Totals	4	11	27	18	4	Totals	5	7	27	15	2

Card.

WE, the Young Flyaway Base-ball Club, reorganized April 10th, 1879, for the coming season, with the following team: Jacob Marks, pitcher; Thomas Garvey, catcher; James Keatley, first-base; Thomas Horton, second-base; Michael Lynch, third-base; Frederick Appel, short-stop; Barnard Finnegan, right-field; John Reilly, left-field; Henry Schaefer, center-field; Frederick Appel, captain; James Keatley, secretary. Address all challenges to James Keatley, 515 E. 15th St., in care of H. Conrad.

Living Chessmen.

THE display of the Manhattan Chess Club at the Academy of Music, New York, April 16th, was a grand success. The theater was full of people. Mr. C. W. Logeling, the Grand Marshal, announced the opening of the game. Two heralds and two criers advanced to the footlights and saluted the audience with their swords. Then the criers stationed themselves on each side of the stage, where miniature boards had been arranged for the contestants and the heralds retired to a position behind the checkered board. The pieces, with the exception of the king and queen, next took their places to the sound of music. Then the pawns came in, marching down the center of the board conducted by the pursuivants and ranged themselves on the eight squares on their respective sides. The arrival of the kings and queens was announced by the sound of trumpets in the hands of the heralds.

The first game between Captain Mackenzie and Mr. Eugene Delmar resulted in a victory for Mackenzie.

It was followed by the celebrated game played by Paul Morphy and Monsieur Baucher in 1858, as follows:

RED—MR. MORPHY.	BLUE—MR. BAUCHER.
1. P. to K. 4.	1. P. to K. 4.
2. K. Kt. to K. B. 3.	2. P. to Q. 3.
3. P. to Q. 4.	3. P. takes P.
4. Q. takes P.	4. Q Kt. to Q. B. 3.
5. K. B. to Q. Kt. 5.	5. Q. B. to Q. 2.
6. B. takes Kt.	6. B. takes B.
7. B. to K. Kt. 5.	7. P. to K. B. 3.
8. B. to K. R. 4.	8. Kt. to K. R. 3.
9. Q. Kt. to Q. B. 3.	9. K. B. to K. 2.
10. Castles (K. R.)	10. Castles.
11. Q. to Q. B. 4, ch.	11. K. to R. sq.
12. K. Kt. to Q. 4	12. Q. to Q. 2.
13. Q. R. to Q. sq.	13. K. R. to K. B. 2.
14. P. to K. B. 4.	14. P. to Q. R. 4.
15. P. to K. B. 5.	15. K. R. to K. B. sq.
16. K. Kt. to K. 6.	16. K. R. to K. Kt. sq.
17. P. to Q. R. 4.	17. Kt. to Kt. 5.
18. Q. to K. 2.	18. Kt. to K. 4.
19. B. to K. Kt. 3.	19. Q. to Q. B. sq.
20. B. takes Kt.	20. Q. P. takes B.
21. K. R. to K. B. 3.	21. Q. B. to Q. 2.
22. K. R. to K. R. 3.	22. P. to K. R. 3.
23. Q. to Q. 2.	23. K. to R. 2.
24. Q. takes Q. B.	24. B. to Q. 3.
25. K.R. takes K.R.P., ch.	25. K. takes R.
26. R. to Q. 3.	26. K. to R. 4.
27. Q. to K. B. 7, ch.	27. K. to R. 5.
28. R. to R. 3, ch.	28. K. to Kt. 5.
29. Q. to R. 5, mate	

The queen coming down to rook's fifth square almost in the center of the stage and directly in front of the audience.

After that came a beautiful 12-move problem called "Atalanta, or the Fleet-footed Queen," in which the Queen made a number of sweeping moves from end to end of the board, finally forcing a checkmate.

The whole entertainment was a success, and it is hoped will give a great stimulus to chess in the United States.

Notes.

THE Chicagoes will wear silk stockings this year.

THE Troy club are to have cardinal red jackets.

THE New York Flyaways contemplate having their quarters in Fleetwood Park this summer.

THE National clubs will charge 50 per cent. less admission to games than the Leaguers this summer. They are wise to suit the times.

THE Defiances beat the Holyokes at Philadelphia, April 16th, to the following score:

Defiance	2	1	0	0	0	5	1	0	0	—9
Holyoke	3	4	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	—8

JIM and Will White, of the Cincinnatis, have a novel method of practicing. In a barn on their farm they have a square hole cut through a partition, and Will practices pitching through it.

THE Mohawk Brown Stocking Base-ball club, champion amateurs of Cincinnati, have reorganized for the coming season, with Hays, French, Merney, Smith, Riley, Oehler, Williams, Heelmich and Broderick for a team.

THE Philadelphia Club's nine for the year 1879 will be Fusselbach, c.; Reynolds, p.; Banker, Corkhill and Crowley on the bases; Stricker, s. s.; with Berklebach, Whiting and Collins in the out-field, and William Warr, manager.

THE Cincinnati Base-ball club are to play a practice game with the following picked nine: Harry Wheeler, p.; Miller, c.; Foley, 3d b.; Sullivan, 1st b.; Voss 2d b.; Pearce, s. s.; Griffith, l. f.; Lusches, c. f., and Billy Woeman, r. f.

THE Philadelphia Base-ball club played a picked nine at 24th street and Ridge avenue, on April 14th. Score:

Philadelphia	0	2	0	0	2	0	0	0	4	—8
Picked Nine	1	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	2	0—5

THE Frankford Cricket Club elected the following officers at their last meeting, to serve for one year: President, Fred Buckins; 1st Vice-President, William Stearn; 2d Vice-President, Charles H. Deal; Secretary, James F. Martin; Treasurer, Harry L. Buckins.

THE officers of the Young America Cricket Club for 1879 are: President, E. M. Davis, Jr.; Vice-President, C. E. Morgan, Jr.; Secretary, D. S. Newhall; Treasurer, E. J. H. Howell; Standing Committee, Geo. M. Newhall, Grinnell Willis and W. R. Wright.

A GAME of base-ball was played in New Orleans, April 13th, between the R. E. Lees and Orleans clubs, which resulted in a victory for the Lees. The following is the score by innings:

Orleans	0	1	0	0	2	1	0	3	0	— 7
R. E. Lee	6	1	1	2	0	2	2	0	3	—17

THE final team of the Brooklyn Atlantics, under John C. Chapman, will be Thompson, c.; Schenck, p.; McCabe 1st b.; Schaffer, 2d b.; Kessler, 3d b.; Knodell, s. s.; Barrett, l. f.; Gormley, c. f., and Cramer, r. f. The uniform is white trimmed with brown, and brown stockings.

THE Athletic Base-ball Club of Philadelphia have been reorganized for 1879. The nine will probably be as follows: Lomas, p.; Householder, c.; Fisher, 1st b.; Meyers, 2d b.; Dixon, 3d b.; Wiley, s. s.; Connell, l. f.; Tom Reynolds, c. f.; Fusselbach, r. f.; Mason, sub. They will play at Twenty-fourth and Ridge av., Philadelphia.

THE below is the number of games of base-ball, and who with, which the Defiance Club will play at Oakdale Park, Philadelphia, until May 6th. April 22d, Defiance *vs.* Holyoke, Oakdale Park. April 23d, Defiance *vs.* Utica, Oakdale Park. April 29th, Defiance *vs.* Capital Citys, Oakdale Park. May 2d and 6th, Defiance *vs.* Springfields, Oakdale Park.

THE Jersey City club have joined the National Association with the following team: Farrow, c.; Poorman, p.; McCann, 1st b.; Troy, 2d b.; Ricker, 3d b.; Esterbrook, s. s.; Shandley, l. f.; Lewis, c. f.; Booth, r. f.; Meehan and Carroll, substitutes. The uniform will be light gray cap, pantaloons and shirt, trimmed with brown; dark blue belt and stockings, white shoes.

THE Wm. J. McGurk Base-ball Club, junior champions of Philadelphia, have organized for 1879 with the following players: C. Beatler, p.; H. Zeiher, c.; R. Stevenson, 1st b.; H. Boutlek, 3d b.; H. Cappel, s. s.; W. Keinzle, l. f.; F. Moran, c. f.; G. Horlacher, r. f.; S. Wolf, sub. All communications should be addressed to R. Stephenson, 2,034 Orkney st., Philadelphia.

THE J. D. Shibe Base-ball Club of Philadelphia have organized for 1879, and will play at Oakdale Park. The nine will be as follows: O'Neil, c. and captain; T. Reynolds, p.; Delmryar, 1st b.; G. Reynolds, 2d b.; Lutz, 3d b.; Touser, s. s.; Snyder, l. f.; Caprone, c. f.; Sharsig, r. f.; Kennedy, sub. All letters should be addressed to W. Sharsig, 408 Columbia av., Philadelphia.

THE Worcester B. B. C. beat the New Bedfords, April 11th, but they were in turn defeated by the latter nine, on the 14th. The directors of the Worcester Base-ball Club have decided not to change the diamond on the ball-field at the Driving Park, and as soon as the frost is out of the ground will grade and roll the entire field, so as to make it as level as possible. Reserved seats for six or eight hundred persons will be put up.

THE College championship schedule for the season is as follows:

May 3—Yale vs. Princeton, at Princeton.
May 3—Harvard vs. Brown, at Providence.
May 10—Harvard vs. Yale, at New Haven.
May 14—Brown vs. Amherst, at Amherst.
May 17—Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge.
May 23—Harvard vs. Princeton, at Princeton.
May 24—Yale vs. Amherst, at Amherst.
May 24—Harvard vs. Princeton, at Princeton.
May 28—Dartmouth vs. Amherst, at Amherst.
May 31—Yale vs. Princeton, at New Haven.
May 31—Harvard vs. Amherst, at Amherst.
June 2—Harvard vs. Princeton, at Cambridge.
June 3—Harvard vs. Princeton, at Cambridge.
June 4—Princeton vs. Brown, at Providence.
June 23—Harvard vs. Yale, at New Haven.
June 25—Harvard vs. Yale, at Cambridge.
June 28—Harvard vs. Yale, at Hartford.

ATHLETICS.

The Six-Day Trots.

THIS week sees one remarkable six-days' contest closed in New York, while another opens in London. Saturday, April 19th, at Gilmore's Garden, New York, the race of forty untried men terminated with Panchot the winner, and six men up to the 425-mile limit. Panchot, a Buffalo postman, made 480 miles, Merrit 475, Krohme 455, O'Brien 431, Byrne 427 and little Noden 425. Thus three green men beat Harriman and two Ennis in their best time.

John Ennis himself has started for England, to see what he can do toward getting Rowell's belt, while Corkey, Blower Brown, Hazael and Weston are now hard at it in England in a match for the second Astley Belt to terminate on Saturday.

This week thus promises to be one of great excitement among the long-distance trotters, and we shall see whether Hazael and Blower can beat Corkey's time, and whether the stories about 550 miles as a possibility are founded on fact.

We Yankees, though as yet quite green in this "six-day-trot" business, are pretty quick to learn, and the probability is that by this time next year we shall have "got it down to a fine point," to use a slang phrase, just as we did in long-range rifle-shooting. Very few Americans remember that in 1872 there was not a rifle-range in the United States, and that we learned all we know of rifle shooting from the Britons of Wimbledon. To-day we have them so thoroughly beaten that we can't coax a British team over to shoot the Yankees on any terms. So it will be with six-day trots. Before 1881 America will hold the belt for good, and our men will be the champions at six-day trots as in rifle-shooting.

New Hampshire.

THE 26-hour go-as-you-please contest for Belknap county, N. H., took place at Laconia, on April 9th, and 10th. There were nine starters, only three of whom finished the 25th hour. One, a colored man, was taken with an attack of heart disease; another, who was a favorite from the start and bade fair to be the winner, ate a lemon, peel and all, which caused sickness; and the others fell out for various reasons. Those who finished the 25th hour were W. A. Webster, of Lake Village, 92m. 2,083ft.; E. B. Brown, of Laconia, 91m. 771ft.; and Will Taylor, 50m. 3,326ft. There was no walking done in the 26th hour. The winners of the four prizes were as follows: Webster, first prize, $50; Brown, second prize, $25; "Unknown," (W. J. Gregg), third prize, $15; T. L. Fuller, fourth prize, $10. All the others having covered 50m. were entitled to one-half their entrance money. The hall was well crowded throughout, and the receipts covered all expenses. Music was furnished by the Belknap Cornet Band and Story's Orchestra.

L. P. SPACE.

Those Policemen.

ON Saturday evening, April 12th, four young amateurs, William Brown, William Sadlier, Robert Shortby and Harry Curtis, of the American Athletic Club, started in a four-hour go-as-you-please race in Washington Park, New York city. The start was made at 8 o'clock, all starting on a dog-trot excepting Curtis who walked with a good stride, which he would turn into a dog-trot when about half the lap had been covered. Sadlier retired after having completed six laps. Curtis, Shortby and Brown kept well together. Curtis finished the first mile in 8m. 50s., Brown second, Curtis two laps ahead, and at the end of the third mile Curtis was four laps ahead and looking splendid. At this stage of the contest the police interfered. Brown and Shortby stopped, but Curtis continued on and added another mile to his score, making four miles, which distance he covered in 32m. 14s. He was just as fresh as when he started, but had to stop on account of the police. Curtis covered 22 3-8 miles in the four-hour go-as-you-please race of the Columbia Boat Club at Gilmore's Garden, April 5th, 1879.

"ATHLETE."

[The New York police are getting to be a nuisance, interfering with walking matches. Our boys should make application at Mulberry street head-quarters for a permit.—ED.]

Worcester, Mass.

H. WARD is said to have run five miles in 34 minutes at the same place.

A BOY named Arthur Murphy walked five miles in 54 minutes at the Full Moon Trotting Park, April 12th.

THE fourth and positively last indoor pedestrian contest, under the management of the Ball club, will probably take place at Mechanics' Hall, week after next, when Junius J. Mattoon and Henry S. Hall, cup winners, Henry J. McNulty, winner of the gold ring, in the second race, Wm. A. England, Alfred Lathe, and Geo. Wilmot, Jr., will appear at the scratch.

THE following is an account of the amateur go-as-you-please match which occurred here April 11th. Henry Hall took the lead at the start and held it to the finish, making 15 miles in 1h. 53m. About the tenth mile, Ward, who was next to Hall, started on a run, and came within a lap of Hall, when he stopped on his fourteenth mile. Ward made the fastest mile of the match in 6m. 53s. Hall, the winner, was presented with a gold cup, and Flaherty, who came in second, was presented with a season ticket to all the games of the Worcester B. B. C.

M. D. K.

Titusville, Pa.

I SEND you the result of the 60-hour "go-as-you-please" match, which ended here April 12th, at 11 P. M. The winner is 42 years old. The score for the 60 hours was as follows: —— Alderman, 165 miles 4 laps; John Cox, 159 miles 4 laps; Frank Harwood, 157 miles 23 laps. There were only 39 laps to the mile.

Below are the performances of some of our boys without training, on a 28-lap track. E. H. Potter made 5 miles 22 laps in an hour. George Lawrence 6 miles 2 laps in an hour, heel-and-toe.

Around a block in our city, measuring 5 laps to a mile, (actual measurement) Charles E. Littell made 6 miles and 2 laps.

[Titusville has some excellent material to go for the Astley Belt.—ED.]

Oberlin Rowdies.

WILLIAM BELL, the young pedestrian of Cleveland, was, on April 5th, 1879, invited by the Oberlin (O.) Athletic Club to walk a 10-mile match against two young men of that place a heel-and-toe walk. Though there was not much chance for Bell to win in such a short contest, especially when each of his opponents had to go but five miles, he bravely accepted the invitation, and on Thursday, April 6th, the walk began. Bell finished his first five miles in 46m., his second five miles in 56m., making his ten miles in 1h. 42m. His opponents won by 44s. After the match Mr. Bell said he would wager $25 that he could beat the same two gentlemen in a 10-mile walk, each to go five miles, same as before. No one seemed inclined to win the money, and, after running three miles more, Mr. Bell retired from the track. During the walk, I am sorry to say, Bell was hissed in the most disgraceful manner by a mob of ignoramuses, both colored and white, that had come with the intention of discouraging the Cleveland boy. They had made a mistake, however, and though Bell was alone, he did not discourage worth a cent. Such conduct on the part of the young men of Oberlin—if men you would call them—is a disgrace to their community, and Bell would have done right had he given them a taste of his walking-whip at the close of the match.

The young men of the Oberlin Athletic Club are all gentlemen, and Mr. Bell returns thanks for their kind consideration during his stay. The oniy fault being that such things as the hissers were allowed in the hall.

ELLIS B. HARRIS,
Cleveland.

When to Run.

ONE of our daily papers gives the following curious paragraph about the late massacre of British troops in South Africa by the Zulus. It says: "Lieutenant Darien, who escaped at Isandula, was the champion three-mile runner of the University of Oxford, and won the inter-university prize at Little Bridge grounds. By the habit of swift running he had thus acquired and the excellent training he had undergone, he was able to outstrip even the Zulus, who are considered the swiftest runners in the world. The fleetness displayed by Lieutenant Darien must have astonished his pursuers, who after a while gave up the chase, striking their shields with their assegais in token of defeat." We hope that none of our young readers will conclude from this that the chief use of cultivating athletics is to be ready to run away from a battle at the first opportunity. Lieutenant Darien fought till all chance of successful resistance was gone before he ran. If ever you *do* go into the army, boys, fight till the last cartridge is gone before you run.

A Card.

WE publish the following with pleasure:

"TO EDITOR OF THE YOUNG NEW YORKER:

"SIR—I see you want to have the record of Geo. V. Hastings's 50-mile walking. He has never walked, and all rumors of his walking are untrue. I am sorry to say it has almost put me to the grave to hear of those rumors of walking. He is a delicate boy of 15 years and 10 months.

"SUSANNA HASTINGS,
"Mother of GEORGE V. HASTINGS."

[We are very glad to hear from Mrs. Hastings that her son has never been forced into doing such work as a 50-mile walk at his age. The statement was made in the daily papers, and we are sincerely glad that there is no foundation for the rumor.—ED.]

Notes.

ST. JAMES HALL, Boston, is walking right into pedestrianism.

MALVERN, Pennsylvania, is to have a Bicycle Club this summer.

THE Tally-Ho Coach of Philadelphia began its trips to Indian Rock, on April 15th.

Two young women of Parker City, Pa., will start out in a few days to walk to Leadville, Colorado.

BENJAMIN KEITH walked twenty-five miles in four hours and three minutes, on April 12th, at Vineland, N. J.

PROF. J. METZGAR, of Chicago, and Frank Fay, of Boston, finished their six-days' walk in Philadelphia, April 12th. Score, Metzgar, 341 miles; Fay, 300 miles.

THE six-days' walk between Bush and Paulin, at Newark, N. J., closed on April 12th, the former being the victor, having walked 398 miles to his opponent's 342 miles.

MATT ENGLISH will give a six days' tournament at the Wire Bridge Hotel, Philadelphia, April 27th. The winner is to be sent to New York to contest for the O'Leary Belt.

THE first bicycle race ever contested in Cincinnati took place April 17th, between John Robinson, of Baltimore, Md., and Sam Adams, of Washington C. H., Ohio, for 100 miles.

ON the 16th of April a game of Polo was played in Philadelphia, between the Philadelphia and International Polo Clubs, the former winning. Score—four goals to three.

BAUER and Muldoon will actually wrestle at Gilmore's, May 14th, the winner to take seventy-five the loser twenty-five per cent. of the gate-money. Bauer has the choice among judges.

JOHN MACMAHON has challenged Professor Miller to wrestle him at "catch-who-catch-can" in collar-and-elbow wrestling jackets. Miller has beaten him every other way and he wants to get even.

MADAME ANDERSON will undertake to cover 804 miles in 536 consecutive hours, walking a mile and one-half each hour, at the Highland House, Cincinnati, beginning April 19th. She expects to finish May 11th.

THE women upon the twelve-days' walk at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, finished their walk on April 15th, Stella Hughes proving an easy winner, with 414 miles to her credit. Freeman made 375 miles, and Wilson withdrew several days before.

A WALKING-MATCH of 24 hours' duration will commence at the St. Patrick's Hall in New Orleans, April 26th, between Theodore Tobias and Harry Turner. At the same time and place a 12-hour walk will be contested between Miss Alice Wilde and Miss Mary Dale.

THE spring meeting of the Harvard Athletic Association will take place May 24th. The events include a mile walk, running from 100 yards to three miles, jumping, hammer-throwing, hurdle race, bicycle race, steeple-chase and tug-of-war between classes, teams of eight.

THE Western Union Telegraph operators had an athletic meeting at the Manhattan Club Grounds, cor. 8th avenue and 56th street, New York city, last week, very well attended. The best time made was eighteen seconds in a three-legged 100-yard dash by D. C. Donohoe and J. P. Bradt.

THE Greenpoint Athletic Club are to have their new grounds laid out with a one-eighth mile track. We expect to have it in good condition by May 1st, 1879. The club intends to hold games on May 30th, and would like to have some of the readers of THE YOUNG NEW YORKER show up.

A WALKING match between Reading, Lancaster and Pottstown, Pa., closed in Reading on April the 12th. The match was for the championship of Eastern Pennsylvania; time, thirty hours. Samuel F. Mishler, of Reading, covered 110 miles and won. C. E. Miller, of Lancaster, walked 102 miles; Lieut. Z. Roberson, of Pottstown, 85 miles, and John Gracy, of the same place, 45 miles.

HARRIMAN has accepted Downey's challenge for a race of seventy-two hours for $3,000 a side, the walk to commence May 11th, at Philadelphia. On the 28th of April, a six-days' "go-as-you-please" contest, under the direction of Mr. Coffin, will commence at the Industrial Art Building, Broad street, near Callowhill, Philadelphia, for a championship belt of America, and a purse of $1,000, the first and second men in the race to enter for the Astley belt.

THE sixth annual athletic meeting of the Stevens Institute Athletic Association, will be held on St. George's Cricket Club Grounds, Hoboken, N. J., Saturday, May 3d, 1879. The following events are open to all amateurs: 100-yards dash, handicap; 1-mile walk, handicap. Gold and silver first and second prizes. Entrance fee, 50 cents. Entries close Monday, April 28th, 1879. Address entries, F. M. Hausling, Stevens Institute, Hoboken, N. J.

IDA VERNON, the woman who began the attempt of walking 3,000 half-miles in 3,000 half-hours, at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, abandoned the task on April 15th, at 3 A. M., having completed 1,265 half miles. She was in good physical condition, and to all appearances was in as good health as on the first day. The reason for her withdrawal is given that she failed to attract large audiences. At 12 M. the same day she appeared on the track for a six-days' walk.

A 12-HOUR pedestrian contest occurred at Cincinnati, April 12th, at the Belvedere of the Highland House, for the benefit of the Children's Home. Six entries were made, all from the Gymnasium. The names and distances covered by each were as follows in miles and laps: C. C. Campbell, 59.8; Charles Evans, 55.2; J. C. K. Butler, 51.1; Thomas Pugh, 49.11; Wash. Van Hamm, 48.14; and Geo. W. Jones, 47.4. Evans walked a fair heel-and-toe all the way. Campbell gained the day by running.

THE latest addition to the list of admirers of pedestrianism and its votaries is Father Killeen, of Bayonne, N. J. He has laid out a track in the rear of the church, and it is being liberally patronized. It has seven laps to the mile. Father Killeen has done more to root out habits of drunkenness among his parishioners than any temperance reformer of the State, and now he is going to show his boys that he thinks there is plenty of excitement in athletics, without going to beer saloons to find it. Long life to Father Killeen, and may his example be followed by other clergymen of all denominations.

BOSTON, April 19th, at Revere's Hall, there were two races, first a three-mile walk for juniors, in which there were seven entries; Frank T. Carroll, age 14, won. Time for the three miles, 28m. 13s.; his first mile was made in 8m. 53s. Henry Patison, age 16, came in second; time 29m. 10s. The second race was a 10-mile, go-as-you-please, for $30, between Chas. H. Bryant, age 24; Chas. A. Dixon, age 20, and Arthur W. Brayley, age 16. Bryant left the track on his seventh mile, with a sprained ankle. Dixon won; time 1h. 16m. 5s. Brayley was second, time 1h. 18m. 6s. This was the first time that Brayley ever run or walked, and he had no training.

ROD AND GUN

Creedmoor.

REGULAR practice began here April 16th, with the *Turf, Field and Farm* badge, 14th match. Mr. Farrow won it for the third time, taking it out of the competition. The following were the scores averaging centers and over:

W. M. Farrow	47	A. M. Miller	42
N. O'Donnell	44	N. D. Ward	41
C. E. Blydenburgh	44	J. W. Mangam	40
F. H. Holton	43	J. R. Grohman	40
J. W. Todd	43	J. C. Mallery	40
M. M. Maltby	42	J. L. Miller	40
D. F. Davids	42	A. J. Howlett	40
J. L. Paulding	42		

The match was ten shots, off-hand, 200 yards, any rifle, highest possible score 50. Farrow's score is one of the best if not the best on record at the range mentioned off-hand. The lowest man in the match made 33 points.

Notes.

THE "Exchange Gun Club" of Worcester, Mass., will soon open their tournaments.

GUILDHALL, Vt., is excited over the appearance of a wolf.

A PARTY of four young men of Farmington, Me., returned from a two weeks' fishing trip to Dead river with over 200 pounds of trout.

THE trouting season is in full blast at Worcester, Mass. J. E. Phillips lately captured a fine specimen weighing 11ozs., and another of 6ozs.

FIFTY dollars and costs was the judgment recently obtained in a case of illegal fishing in Onondaga Lake. The Onondaga Fishing Club are vigorously prosecuting all offenders.

THERE was a shooting match at Shenandoah, Penn., between Harrington and Davis. Harrington shot at ten birds and killed six, and Davis killed six birds out of eleven, although one of them fell outside the bounds.

THE record of the seven matches of the Shrewsbury Gun Club of Red Bank so far stands: White, 2; Bergen, 2; Morford, 1; Coleman, 1; Wild, 1. The score of the seventh match, 15 glass balls, 18 yards rise, Parker revolving trap, Bogardus rules, five entries, was as follows:

H. C. White	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	—14
A. R. Coleman	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	1	1	1	1	—11
G. F. Marsden	1	1	0	0	1	1	0	1	0	1	1	1	1	1	1	—11
S. W. Morford	1	1	1	1	0	0	0	1	1	0	1	1	1	0	1	—10
J. B. Bergen	0	1	1	0	1	1	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	1	0	— 9

YACHTING AND ROWING

Philadelphia Yacht Clubs.

THE different yacht clubs of Philadelphia are perfecting their organizations, registering their boats and making their arrangements for a brisk yachting season. Nearly all the boats of the previous seasons are again there and many new ones added.

The Quaker City Yacht Club comprises cabin and open yachts, ranging from 38 feet to 22 feet 6 in. in length. The following are the officers elected for the present year: Commodore, A. F. Bancroft, yacht Lillie; Vice-Commodore, Paul Klotz, yacht White Wing, of Chester; Rear-Commodore, C. B. Magee, yacht Stella, of Chester; President, W. Post; Vice-President, C. S. Satin; Secretary, R. Baird; Assistant Secretary, J. G. Baughman; Treasurer, J. Vanderslice; Regatta Committee, L. Coleman, R. P. Thompson, J. McCormick.

The club fleet comprises: First-class—Phantom, 38 feet; William Tell, 37 feet; Columbia, 35 feet; K. Goddard, 33 feet 9 inches; White Wing, 41 feet; Memorial 35 feet; Coquette, 42 feet; Minerva, 35 feet 9 inches; Nina, 35 feet; Clara, 35 feet. Second class—Lafayette, 30 feet; Lillie, 31 feet; Gallagher, 32 feet; Stella, 30 feet 6 inches; Gypsy, 27 feet; Eliza, 28 feet 6 inches. Third class—Ella, 27 feet; W. Post, 23 feet; Bianca, 22 feet six inches.

At the next meeting of the Quaker City Club it is probable that the yachts Adelphia, Fashion, Selby and Nicholls will be added to the third class; also three new sloops to the first class. On May 30th (Decoration Day) the season will be inaugurated by a review of the fleet by the Commodore, and a cruise as far as Red Bank or Chester. The annual Spring Regatta of the club will be held on Thursday, June 12th, over the club course from Philadelphia to Chester buoy and return. It is expected to be the most interesting regatta ever given by the club.

The South Camden Yacht Club, comprising boats of about 17 feet in length, have also completed arrangements for the coming season. The following officers have been selected for the year: Commodore, William Harper, yacht Feeney; Vice-Commodore, James R. Sweeney, yacht Sweeney; Rear-Commodore, Wm. Howell, yacht Gnang; President, William Harper; Secretary, George Davis; Treasurer, William Weaver. The boats of the club are divided into two classes, as follows: First-class—Jacob Gnang, John Feeney, Joseph Schock, Robert J. McLease. Second-class—James R. Sweeney, Annie, George Pooley, Harry Pearce. The 12th day of May has been fixed upon for the spring regatta. The prizes selected for the first and second boats in each class are a champion flag and a silver pitcher.

The Cooper's Point Yacht Club, which for a time existed hardly more than in name, has within the past two years exhibited considerable activity, and now enters the yachting season of 1879 with a perfected organization and a large fleet of fast-sailing yachts. The following are the officers of the club: Commodore, Charles Cohill, yacht Cohill; Vice-Commodore, John B. Hammel, Jr., yacht Anita; Rear-Commodore, William Stone, yacht Philip Kramer; Secretary, John Dougherty; Treasurer, Ebner W. Barr; Measurer, H. King; Regatta Committee, Jacob Gnang, John Mayberry, Joseph Vandushie, Dennis Holland. The following yachts constitute the club: First-class, boats from 18 to 22 feet, Anita and R. Williams; second-class, boats from 16 to 18 feet, Charles Cohill, Jacob Gnang, J. Schock (formerly Josie), Michael Feeney, Elmer W. Ball (new), Dennis Holland, Charles Keenan, Philip Kramer, John Mayberry, Sprite (new), Savillian Archer (new), Dauntless. The spring regatta will probably come off on the 12th of May, but as the Camden Club have selected that day, it is likely another Monday will be fixed upon.

The Schuylkill Yacht Club is another organization which has sprung into favorable notice within a recent period of time. The list of boats now controlled by the club comprise many fast sailers on the Schuylkill River. The quarters of the club are at the foot of Ellsworth street, on the Schuylkill, where a very neat club house has been erected within a year past. The officers of the club are: Commodore, John Gibbons; Vice-Commodore, Robert Sutton; Measurer, Alexander King; Secretary, Thomas J. Gallagher; Treasurer, Edward Harley. The following boats have been entered for this season's regatta: S. J. Riley, Mary Feeney, Zeke McKenna, Moses G. Harmon, Amy, Philip Kreamer, David Howarth, Petrel, Andrew Anderson, Aiken Pitts, James Smith, James C. Orr, —— Sweeney, F. Schultze, Eugene, Lady Jane. The time of the spring regatta has not been fixed.

The Philadelphia Yacht Club follows next in order of size of boats, all of them (three classes) being 15 feet in length. The club has elected its officers for the current year, but the list of boats has not been made up for the yachting season. This will be done at the meeting in May, when a notice of them, together with the officers of the club, will be given. There were upward of forty boats in the club last year, and it is expected that the number will be increased for the season of 1879, to include one or more new boats. The regatta will be held in June.

The Southwark Double End Yacht Club is exhibiting unusual vitality. It has not only retained its full complement of boats, but has added several new ones for the coming yachting season. The following is a list of the officers for the present yachting season: Commodore, Joseph P. Kennedy, yacht Spurt; Vice-Commodore, Chas. Messick, yacht Maid; Rear-Commodore, John Quinn, yacht Lawrence; Secretary, James M. Winterbottom; Treasurer, Isaac Sharp; Measurer, William F. Roach; Regatta Committee, John H. Roach, C. R. Dougherty, Isaac Sharp, William Clymer, R. W. B. Laner.

The following are the boats belonging to the club: First Class—Dot, J. J. Young, H. Evans, Clara, Maid, James Mitchell, Frank Lawrence, Spurt, Eddie Ball, Peter Lane, Jr., Lewis Shults, Theodore M. Keeney, Dido, Wm. H. Moore, Emma Brugam, Anna Ellis. Second Class—Richard Morgan, John H. Hagan, George, Josephine, Emma, Lavinia, A. W. Gayley, Charles Korb, Estelle, S. H. Oliver. Third Class or "Tuck-ups"—Thomas Ledyard, Isaac Sharp, George W. Kelley, John O'Donnell, Edwin Forrest, John M. Powell, Lizzie Robinson, Andrew J. Lenoir, Hugh Boyle, Andrew J. Campbell, Thomas W. Sparks, L. Laner, U. S. Douglass (new), Geo. T. Campbell (new), J. Frank Kleinz (new). The spring regatta will take place on May 26th.

The Delaware River Yacht Club, comprising open boats from 18 to 24 feet in length, has not reorganized for the present season. The storm of the 23d of October last damaged several boats of the club, as they were lying along the wharves in front of the city. Four of the boats will enter the Quaker City Club, and the disposition of what few remains has not been determined upon.

Who is Pen Kennedy?

A CORRESPONDENT writes us: "A challenge appeared in a recent number of your paper from Pen Kennedy, offering to row any one under 20 years of age, a 3 to 5-mile sculling match. I wrote to him stating that I had a friend who would accept his challenge, if Mr. Kennedy was an amateur. Mr. Kennedy has not paid the least attention to my note, so I think he only put it in the paper for talk. If he wanted to row very bad, he could have been obliged by my friend, who is still willing to row him from 1 to 5 miles sculling match on the Harlem river or Newtown creek."

[It is now in order to hear from Mr. Kennedy whether he is or is not an amateur, willing to row for honor and glory.—ED.]

Notes.

THE Quaker City Yacht Club hold their regatta on June 16th.

THE Crescent Barge Club will have their regatta on May 14th.

EPH MORRIS offers to row Courtney or any other man at Pittsburg.

THE annual regatta of the Southwark Yacht Club will take place on May 26th.

ELLIOTT keeps on saying that he wants to row Courtney, but the Oneida man does not bite.

WM. FLICK recently challenged John Glenn of Philadelphia, for a five-mile race for $100. Glenn has declined to accept the challenge, saying his duty as a park guard will allow him no time to train.

JOHN CROTTY, the Galveston amateur oarsman who defeated all the single scullers at the Louisiana State Amateur Rowing Regatta, held in New Orleans, September, 1878, will try conclusions with E. B. Musgrove, of the St. John's Club, in New Orleans, May 3d.

MR. GLASS is building a four-oared shell for the College crew of Philadelphia, to be finished May 1st. Ellis Ward will make the oars. The above crew have been training under Ellis Ward's care during the winter and early spring and are now rowing together in splendid form.

THE spring opening of the Nereid Boat Club, of Brooklyn, took place at the boat-house, foot of Smith street, that city, April 16th. Besides an athletic entertainment there were several sparring exhibitions, the most notable of which was between Billy Edwards and Arthur Chambers.

THE yacht Resolute, of Port Jefferson, Long Island, arrived at Philadelphia April 16th, after a cruise of 1,500 miles. She left Philadelphia in September last, having on board Dr. Horace Binney Hare, who took the trip for his health. He died at the Island of St. Thomas on March 21st. The Resolute brought home his remains.

THE latest news from Hanlan reports him as using a new English boat built by Swaddle and Winship, and as being in excellent condition. The English champion, Elliott, came out recently and rowed against him on one of his practice spins, Hanlan not knowing who he was. As soon as he found out he let Elliott pass him. This spying business is unfavorably commented on in English papers.

CAPTAIN M. WEBB, of London (Channel swimmer), is open to make a match to swim any man in the world for who can go the greatest distance, or will back himself to swim for thirty-six consecutive hours, in some convenient place near New York, without resting on anything or having any artificial support whatever, or will back himself to swim twelve hours a day for a month, bar Sundays. Address Junior Garrick Club, Adelphi Terrace, London, W. C.

SATURDAY afternoon, April 12th, a race in working boats was rowed, at the foot of Washington avenue, Brooklyn, for 1 mile with turn. The prize was a dinner to be given by the losing crew. The following are the crews: Orrin T. Carew, Wm. A. Nicholson and Wm. H. Brice, cox., 1st boat; Winfd. S. Nicholson, Edward Easton and Archibald Miller, cox., 2d boat. The former won easily by 1-4 mile, but owing to some accident in arrangements no time was kept.

LONDON critics say of Hanlan that he rows a very long stroke, and uses a slide about four inches longer than that generally adopted, but he makes his boat travel at a rare pace, and never permits her to get out of hand. He works up to 32 and 33 strokes a minute without much effort. His six-inch bladed sculls are three inches short outboard, and one inch short inboard, but he pulls them through with great power, and his recovery and feather are all that could be desired. He was lately using his old Judge Elliott boat, in which he last beat Courtney, but he expects another from America.

MR. W. B. SMITH, of Boston, has built a boat for Mr. Goldsmith, a Swede, in which the latter proposes to make a trip around the world. The boat resembles somewhat an elongated tub, and is sharp at both ends. It is 18 feet long over all, 6 feet 4 inches in width, and 3 feet 2 inches in depth. In the bow and stern there is an air tank, built perfectly water-tight, extending from the gunwale to the keel. Under the standing room is a water tank running to the keel. Between the inside of the boat and the gunwale eight tanks have been constructed, four on a side, to be used for storing provisions. These are all water-tight, and the larger of them are 2 feet 6 inches in length, 2 feet high and 15 inches in width. These gradually grow smaller toward the bow and there they are not more than 15 inches high. It was intended at first to build an open boat, but a trunk covered with eight-ounce duck has been built in order to protect Mrs. Goldsmith, who is to accompany her husband on his perilous voyage. Running around the edge of the boat is a bulwark three inches high, which is very uncommon in boats of this kind. The compass is to be placed in the bulkhead, on the left side of the standing room. All the planks used both in the floor and on the sides are the length of the boat; none of them are butted. Mr. Goldsmith will start about July 4th. His route will be across the Atlantic to the Mediterranean, through the Suez Canal, across the Indian and Pacific oceans and, probably, overland home from San Francisco.

TO ADVERTISERS.

☞ *A few Advertisements will be inserted on this page at the rate of twenty-five cents per line, nonpareil measurement.*

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BILL AND JOE.

Come, dear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by—
The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright as morning dew.
The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail,
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail,
And mine as brief appendix wear
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare;
To day, old friend, remember still
That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,
And grand you look in people's eyes,
With H O N. and LL. D.,
In big brave letters fair to see—
Your fist, old fellow; off they go!—
How are you, Bill! How are you, Joe?

You've worn the judge's ermine robe;
You've taught your name to half the globe;
You've sung mankind a deathless strain;
You've made the dead past live again;
The world may call you what it will,
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say,
"See those old duffers, bent and gray;
They talk like fellows in their teens;
Mad! poor old boys! That's what it means"—
And shake their heads: they little know
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe—

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
While Joe sits smiling at his side;
How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes—
Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;
A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill, and which was Joe?

The weary idol takes his stand,
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
While gaping thousands come and go—
How vain it seems, this empty show!
Till all at once his pulses thrill:
'Tis poor old Joe's "God bless you, Bill!"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
The names that pleased our mortal ears,
In some sweet lull of harp and song,
For earth-born spirits none too long,
Just whispering of the world below,
Where this was Bill, and that was Joe?

No matter; while our home is here
No sounding name is half so dear;
When fades at length our lingering day,
Who cares what pompous tombstones say?
Read on the hearts that love us still,
Hic jacet Joe. *Hic jacet* Bill.—*Exchange.*

Fur, Fin and Feather.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR.

No. III.—"THE BOOT OF TANTALUS."

THAT same Boot has much to answer for. It has drawn forth more curses than enough to sink it ten thousand fathoms deep; it has caused many a sleepless night and weary brain; it has cost us money, patience, time— But let me tell you all about it, from the beginning to the end, and then you will appreciate our peculiar hatred for that abominable boot.

A few miles above town, in the broad sweep of the Missouri river which bears the significant name of "Snaggy Bend," lay a peculiarly shaped sand-bar. It was situated near the center of the stream, and full half a mile from either shore. Its shape, when viewed from a distance, was exactly that of a mammoth boot. At the top of the leg, grew a patch of willows, low and dense, thus completing the resemblance to a green-topped, rusty footed old boot. During the "June rise," or high-water, the bar was completely covered by the muddy flood, but when this subsided, the Boot would reappear and send forth a fresh growth of willows at its eastern extremity.

This Boot was a favorite resort for wild geese, during their fall and spring flights. A gaggle* would sometimes stay there for several days at a time, as though recruiting for the remainder of their long journey. Here they would sit in long rows, gabbling socially together, or uttering a long, musical *honk* in invitation to the living wedge that cleft the air far above.

Not that they were permitted to enjoy their sandy boot all undisturbed. Many and oft were the envious glances cast upon the feathered occupants of the Boot. Tricks old and ruses new were brought into play to circumvent them, but all in vain. No sooner did the foot of a wild goose touch the damp sands of that bar, than they were proof against bullet and shot, snare and decoy—more than a match for the cunningest hunter, as was evidenced time and again.

Our pride was aroused—that is, of all the members of the Sportsmen's Club. Each one tried his favorite method of hunting geese, but without success. Not a single goose could be killed upon that island, though we persisted through the three seasons. One floated down upon a log, his person shrouded in a mass of brush; only to see the geese take wing when far beyond range. Another covered his boat with cakes of ice, his person clad in white rubber, his face hands, hair and gun whitened with flour, but never a shot could he obtain. One visited the island, dug him a hole in the sand into which he fitted a barrel; throwing the surplus sand into the river, carefully obliterating all tracks, and drawing a sand-covered canvas over his head as he curled himself up in the barrel. Not a goose paused upon the island that night, nor the next day, nor until the almost famished hunter beat a retreat in utter disgust. Stalking them with a horse, stealing upon them in the dark from both land and water, surrounding them and closing in upon every side at a signal—every imaginable method was employed, and all in vain.

As a last resource, long-range rifles were brought into play. The club turned out *en masse*, and went into camp upon the rocky bluffs of the Missouri shore. Sometimes a single shot would be fired; at others a volley, each man aiming at the black and white ranks, and firing at the word of command. With loud and confused cries, the geese would breast the wind and rise into the air, slowly circle around the island, then select their course, and gradually falling into line, vanish up or down the river, never leaving so much as a feather by way of consolation.

What made this all the more remarkable, was the fact that geese were killed in large numbers upon each and all of the sand-bars above and below the Boot. More than once it happened that, when scared from the Boot, the geese would settle down upon an adjacent bar, and there fall a victim to our arts.

I do not attempt to explain the phenomena; I simply relate the facts. While upon that Boot, both geese and brent seemed to bear a charmed life. And that fact, added to its being a favorite resting-place for the geese during the flight, gave the sand-bar its name of the Boot of Tantalus.

That fall, an eminent sportsman from "over the water" was, for a few days, the guest of our club. He had shot fur and feathered game in nearly every known country, and was a high authority upon all matters pertaining to the chase. A strong liking sprung up between him and Tom Deakin, and from that intercourse came the incident which follows.

At the first club meeting which took place after the departure of our distinguished guest, and when all business had been disposed of, Tom Deakin arose and claimed the attention of the company.

"Gentlemen, yer's the health o' that Tarantuler Boot. Drink hearty!" Then, as the toast was duly honored, he added: "An' yer's bettin' a supper fer the crowd that I break the charm inside a week, an' bag any way one goose on that same sand-bar!"

"Do you mean *shoot* a goose, Tom?" asked Lark Taylor.

"Sartin! I'll kill a goose with number one shot, out o' my old Long Tom," was the prompt reply.

"Then I'm your man! You'll shoot a wild goose on the Boot, with a shot-gun, inside of one week, or you will forfeit a club supper?"

"That's jest what I'm talkin'," was the quiet response.

Naturally enough we were all eager to learn what new trick Deakin had thought of, but it was like questioning the Sphinx. Answers in plenty we received, but Tom could say more and mean less than any other man I know, and we separated no wiser than before. It is needless to say that Tom was closely watched by many a curious eye, by both day and night. If he won that bet and broke the charm of the Boot, we were bound to see how he did it.

Early the next morning Tom Deakin was afoot, but he did not take his gun, and before him he drove a lean, lank yearling steer. Still we followed, and ere long discovered that the steer was destined to help in winning or losing that supper.

The animal was driven into a flat-boat which was used in carrying sand, and then pulled over to the Boot. From our look-out we saw Tom lead the steer in the middle of the bar, then stake him out, on a long trail-rope. Lark Taylor gave a derisive laugh.

"He thinks to use that wild critter as a stalking-horse!"

Deakin returned, leaving the steer upon the island. He had to hear much chaffing and many wretched jokes, but he took it all with wonderful equanimity for one of his naturally fiery temper. Only the most perfect faith in his scheme could have produced this.

Each day we would, some of us, go up the ridge to inspect the Boot, but Tom never left town, never was seen with his gun in his hand. The wild geese seemed quite contented to share the island with the spotted steer, and more than one began to believe that Tom would succeed, after all. But then a fresh surprise awaited us.

Tom Deakin was seen driving the steer back to town! Had he succeeded in killing a goose on the Boot?

"You kin see—I didn't even take along my gun," was the quiet response. "I don't reckon the pesky critter'll work."

This word was quickly passed on, and that night Lark Taylor slept sounder than he had since he made the bet. Not that he would care about the pecuniary loss, for a freer heart never was, but for years the twain had been sporting rivals, and for Deakin to succeed where *he* had failed repeatedly, would be a bitter pill for our worthy president.

The next day passed, and Tom never left his place, but just before midnight, Charley Nichols aroused me, saying that Deakin had left town in the direction of the Boot. That was enough. In five minutes I was dressed and mounted and riding hard along the Dug Hill road. Nor were we alone. I verily believe that every member of the club had turned out, old and young, married and single, to witness the *dénouement*.

We reached the point opposite the Boot of Tantalus; all was still. Nothing was seen or heard of Deakin. The river was full of floating ice, and it seemed impossible that Tom could have crossed to the island.

We scaled the steep hill, and started a huge fire upon the ridge. The hours rolled along, and day dawned, without any alarm from the Boot. The geese began to wake up, and their morning greeting came clearly to us upon the nipping air.

A general exclamation—we saw, not Deakin, but the spotted steer move slowly out of the willows. We looked closely, but it was alone, nor did Deakin make his appearance as the animal moved slowly nearer the geese, bending its head occasionally to sniff the damp sands.

The gobble of the geese grew louder, and they drew closer together, their long necks stretched at full length. The animal paused—we saw two quick puffs of smoke shoot out from its throat. The geese screamed in terrified confusion, and arose hastily—but not all. As the double report reached our ears, we saw several birds lying dead upon the sand-bar. And then—the spotted steer rose upon its hind legs and danced wildly around, while a succession of exultant yells came to our ears!

Lark Taylor was the first to grasp Tom's hand as he drove his dug-out to land and flung out five dead geese, following them with a bundle that excited our curiosity. It was the complete hide of the spotted steer, horns, tail and all, with wooden ribs, back-bone and front legs. Into this Deakin had slipped, the muzzle of his gun thrust through a slit in the breast, and by walking bent over, he successfully counterfeited the semblance of an animal, and thus broke the charm that had for years lain upon the Boot of Tantalus.

He was indebted to the Englishman for this hint, which is much used by the Laps, and called by them "Skjutko," or "Shooting-cow." To make all sure, Tom left the steer upon the island, to accustom the geese to its presence.

The Boot of Tantalus still exists, and affords the best goose-shooting along the river. I cannot explain the reason of our former failures. I only give the facts, which can readily be substantiated, if necessary.

[TO BE CONTINUED—COMMENCED IN No. 21.]

*A flock of wild geese is called a "gaggle" of geese by the strictly technical disciples of St. Hubert.

WILD GEESE. (SEE "THE BOOT OF TANTALUS.")

A Strange Country.

COREA is a vast peninsula of the Chinese empire, lying between the Yellow Sea and the Sea of Japan, and although its exact area has never been decided, it is estimated in round numbers to be about six hundred miles long and one hundred and thirty miles in width, excepting on the extreme north, beyond the peninsula proper, where it measures about two hundred and fifty miles. It has a rock-bound coast, is highly picturesque and is bounded on the west and south by many small islands, with one that is forty miles long and with a mountain upon it six thousand feet high. Its name is Quelpart, famous as the scene of many shipwrecks, and its inhabitants live by agriculture and fishing. The whole surface of the Corea peninsula is mountainous, some of the higher elevations being always covered with snow, and while the northern portion abounds in forests of pine and fir, and is sparsely populated, the southern part has but few trees and is to a great extent cultivated, but often sterile, and it is watered by rivers as well as many smaller streams. The population is estimated to be about five millions, almost universally poor, and, from famine and pestilence, is said to be on the decrease. The towns and villages are chiefly located in the north, and the houses are not only small and rude, but very much scattered. The national capital is Kingkitato, and is located near the center of the kingdom, on the river Kiang, and is surrounded with a wall of masonry five miles in extent. The only buildings in it honored with tiled roofs, excepting the king's residence, are a single temple and one government department. The fortified portion of the city, which holds the king's castle, is quite imposing. There is a high wall built with cut stone, but without a moat, and open spaces are left for guns, or for archers, who do the principal fighting in time of war. The houses outside the castle gates are all thatched and built after one general pattern, and the rural homes are about as desolate, as many of the inhabitants are shiftless and improvident.

Their mode of paying taxes is to work for the government three months in every year. The people are barbarous and indolent, know a little of the Chinese language, and consider Russia the greatest power in the world. The country is divided into eight provinces, each one having a governor, and its ruler is a king whose despotism is unlimited, and who claims that his kingdom has existed for 486 years. The officers of the government are exceedingly numerous, and the annual expenses out of all proportion to the revenue, which is limited and uncertain. The country was once subjugated by the Tartars, then passed under the control of China, was conquered by Japan in 1692, under the leadership of an empress, and now pays a voluntary tribute to China, and is bound to Japan by the only treaty it has made in modern times.

The prevailing language, of which little is known, is allied to the Chinese, and is only written by the higher classes. The people have a few books, which are printed from wooden blocks; they produce pictures on screens, which are generally in India ink, but sometimes highly colored; and their printed poetry is very limited. They boast of their civilization, calling America and other western countries "cross-lettered countries," and they claim that the only regions where the people are as advanced as themselves are Japan, China and Loochoo. On the other hand, one of the foreign officers who lately visited Corea summed up his opinion of the kingdom in these words: "The upper classes crush the lower classes by their cruelty; the lower classes deceive their official superiors by calumny and flattery; and because both classes are hypocrites, discord and disorder are the order of the day."

The commerce of Corea is limited, although its capabilities are great, and its chief productions are rice, silk of an inferior quality, good cotton and linen cloths, skins, millet, paper, pottery and porcelain, various kinds of drugs, including ginseng, a black variety of tobacco, the oil of goma, fish of various kinds, and, what is rather uncommon in the far East, an abundance of good beef. Minerals are said to exist in abundance. Many of the hills are without any vegetation, which fact gives color to the opinion that there is much mineral wealth. But the iron mines are all that are now worked; copper, gold and silver, if they exist, are yet untouched, with the exception of a little gold-dust, which has been annually sent to China. Indeed, the people have a kind of superstition against the precious metals, and have a contempt for jewelry ornaments. The copper and tin used in the country come from Japan, and out of the former are made the only two coins used in the realm. There is undoubtedly much coal in the country, and although wood is very scarce coal does not seem to be appreciated.

The Coreans, in their persons, are a stalwart race, claim to be warlike, and although they have a number of well-mounted fortresses their army is small. The prevailing religion is Buddhism, but the temples are comparatively few, and none of them are noted for their beauty, as in Japan and China. Like the Chinese, they keep their women secluded from the gaze of strangers; they are often untidy in their personal appearance, are afraid of water for purposes of ablution; as to their clothing, their upper and under garments are white and without ornamental work; some of the officials wear silk, but the common people cotton; the hats worn by the men are black, tall and stiff, made of braided horse-hair and also bamboo, and, like the Quakers, they greet their friends with their hats on their heads; the men wear long hair; the women dress somewhat like the poorer classes among the western nations; marriages are prohibited between relations within the fifth degree, but take place at an early age; men of distinction who have died are kept unburied for one or two years, when imposing monuments are erected to their memory; and it was because some of these were desecrated by the men of a foreign vessel a few years ago that the hatred of outside "barbarians" was greatly enhanced. Their houses are universally one-story high, warmed by a fire lighted underneath their floors of mortar, and are without chairs or beds, or any of the comforts which prevail in most other countries. Nor are they any better off on the sea than on the land. Their largest vessels are not over fifty feet long. They are built without the use of nails, and the prow and stern are precisely alike. For masts they use the stems of trees in their natural state, and the sails are made of straw, one to each boat, and that very near the stern, and although uncouth to foreign eyes they are managed with dexterity and accomplish good speed.

In its natural history Corea is undoubtedly an interesting country. The bear, the deer and the wolf abound in the northern forests; an animal resembling the tiger is found in the middle regions, and birds of many varieties are numerous. The domestic animals are horses, which are small; horned cattle and hogs, which are abundant; dogs and a great variety of fowls. The yak is also found in the northern parts, and, according to Commodore Ammen, is an animal that should be domesticated in the country. Sharks of immense size are found all around the coasts, and the seal and other fisheries are susceptible of being made a source of wealth if they could only be managed according to modern ideas.

The Sinking of a Mountain.

ON Thursday night, the 20th of March, at about 2 o'clock A. M., we had some very heavy thunder and lightning, and a terrible shaking was plainly felt. On the next day it was found that the north-east side of Chattooga Mountain, four miles north-east of Tallulah, Habersham county, Ga., sloping down to the Chattooga river at an angle of forty-five degrees, the top of the mountain being about 1,200 feet above the river, was gradually sinking. A party of men visited the mountain last Sabbath, and found that it was not sliding, but sinking. There was a break near the top, and at one place over the top of a sloping ridge was a perpendicular rock, the depth of which was about sixteen feet and the extent thirty or forty acres. The bank was in the shape of a horseshoe, the toe being at the top of the mountain. Trees were standing with their tops downward and the roots and large stones were seen on the mountain. About three years ago we felt a severe quaking at night. The night was clear, and it was reported that "Devil's Pulpit" was shaken down. An old gentleman living near this mountain informs us that a large crack was discovered about the time of the quaking, but little notice was taken of it until recently. Some fear is manifested by those living near the mountain.—*Toccoa Herald.*

Humor Graphics.

REPRESENTATIVE HOECAKE OPPOSES THE RACCOON BILL.

Yo' honah, Mr. Speaker! likewise de 'spected members;
Be pleased to turn dis way, 'kase I'm gwine ter 'sturb de embers.
I kotch all der remarks ob my kollegue in de corner,
Him dat swing his head so high, like a superdictious scorner.

He abocates a bill which am clean ag'in' de voters,
Which wurk de wustest hardship 'pon his mostest best supporters.
I 'pose to make reply in de strictest parlamentics,
An' I ain't agwine ter kick up no paper-collar antics.

De statesman in de white cravat, in lang'age loud and bitter,
Hab made his war 'pon de 'coon, and scattered plenty litter.
He took no panes to tell de house how, a little while ago,
He'd lick de scrapin's from de pot and cry for little mo'.

But now he wants to make a law to stop de generation
Ob all de happy 'coons in dis great and lubly nation.
He can't be nuffin' 'gin de 'coon—he only wants to sputter;
He only wants to spread hisself to hear de gal'ry mutter.

Now, 'spose I ax dis mi'ty boddy, which cut de bestest figger,
De simple easy 'coon, or a shoutin', gabby nigger
Dat's always got his jaw agwine, so nasty meddlin' mean,
A grumblin' at de varmints, wharby de stomach lean?

Oh! members of de house, if dar be here underraters,
Consarnin' ob good baked raccoons along with sweet pertaters,
I 'peals to you to jine me in my vote ag'in' dat bill—
Oh! let us show de scorner dat his work am all up bill.

De 'vidual mean but half he say 'bout de blessed po' old 'coon,
His head hab jes' got twisted since de changin' ob de moon.
Don't gib him any 'tention, 'kase his mind am badly mixed;
You see he's jes' so much between and jes' so much betwixt.

In speakin' at dis 'tickler time, to de motion maker, d'rect,
I ax him from my heart ob hearts, what de people gwine to 'spect
From a man who tries hisself to bu'st de 'coon to flinders?
A-lookin' for his 'stituents to lib on peas and pinders?

Oh! if de scorner only know'd how de Christians in de valley—
Includin' ob uncle Cæsar along wid old aunt Sally—
Am gwine ter hab de debble a-smellin' up his track,
Ten thousan' million lizzards he'd feel crawlin' down his back.

So wake up your guinea yearlin', I'm gwine ter tote de news;
I'm gwine to hab de bumblebees a-bildin' in your shoes.
I pours my wrath upon yo' head, I pours it in a shower,
I'll let you 'no' dis evenin' de people am a power.

I'll happen in de meetin'-house, I fotch up on de stump,
I'll meet you at de cross-roads, you'll hear me whoop and hump—
You standin'-collar rascal, you shall neber hab a rest,
Till well you l'arn that raccoon-meat am de bestest ob de best.—*Vicksburg Herald.*

Lessons in Natural History and Other Things.

"LITTLE JONNY," in the San Francisco *Argonaut* says:—"One time there was a ole man had a pig, an' the pig it had a curly tail, but the ole Gaffer Peterses has got a brush onto it, and the ole man's gurl has curly hair, too, cos she puts it up in papers. So one day the ole man cot the pig and put its tail up in a curl paper, too, just like hern, and then he said:

"Katy," cas that 'was her name, "cum a long and see youe ole father feed the pig."

And Katy she went, and wen the pig cum up an put its feet in the trof for to eat, Katy she luked a long wile, and then said:

"Wy, Poppy!"

But Poppy he dident take notice, jest kep a kanockn on the bottom of the bucket for to git all the swil out. After a other wile Katy she spoke up again an said:

"Poppy, wot for do you curl it?"

Then the ole man he said, the ole man did:

"Curl be blode! you better ast that riddle elsewhere; it is twisted the other way! I love this pig like it was my doiter, but ile straten that tail before killin him if I got to brake it. I don't like curls, and all tho you and yure sister carries 2 menny guns for me, ile be dum busted if ile giv in to the hull family!"

But my sister she has got tongs for to curl hern, an one time, Franky, that's the baby, nipped his nose in 'em and hollored wild, like he was a tom-cat. Pigs woller in the mud and babies woller on the flore.

One time a man which wasent smart like me, more like Billy, he see a pig wollerin in a puddle of mud, and he said:

"Poor feller; where does it pain you?"

The pig it luked at the man and then it roled on its other side like sayn:

"Pretty much all over."

Then the man he shuk his hed and said a other time:

"That's a mighty bad place to be sick abed in."

But the pig grunted, as much as to say:

"That's a fack, but wen a feller is took sudden he must put up with sech commodations as he can git and not be a hog about it."

One day Billy, that's my brother, he and Sammy Doppy was playn by a mud hole, and Billy he said:

"Now, Sammy, les play we was a barnyard; you be the pig and lie down an woller, an I'll be a bull an beller like everything."

So they got down onto their hans and knees, and Sammy he went in the mud and wollerd, wile Billy bellered like distant thunder. Bimeby Sammy he cum out muddy, you never seen sech a muddy little feller, and he said:

"Now you be the pig an let me beller."

But Billy he said:

"I ain't a very good pig fore dinner, and ittle be time nuff for you to beller wen yure mother sees yure close."

A man wich had been put in the pententchery cos he stole a horse he got out and run away with his strippy close on. An one day wile he was a runnin away he met a zebry. So the man he luked a wile a stonish, and then he sed:

"How long was you put in for?"

But the zebry it dident say eny thing, and after a wile the man he sed agin:

"How did you git out?"

Then the zebry it dident say eny thing a other time, so the man sed:

"I have been tole there is a place were thay put fellers in the pententchery wich steel horses, but here I ges thay put horses in wich are stole, and I hope it ain't no offense for to say I think that's jest the way it ot to be."